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THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

III.

A YOUNG WOMAN OF EAST MANYEMA.

WE all woke up on the morning of the 28th of February with a feeling of intense relief. There were no more marches, no more bugle summons to rouse us up for another fatiguing day, no more fear of hunger—at least for a season.

Though the people had only their own small domestic affairs to engage their attentions, and Frank and Fred were for this day relieved from duty, I had much to do in preparing and equipping the *Lady Alice* for sea, and in circumnavigating the great "Nianja," as the Wasukuma call the lake.

During the afternoon the Wasukuma recruits were summoned to receive farewell gifts, and nearly all were discharged. Besides new clothes to wear, and beads to purchase luxuries, I was expected to furnish the Wangwana with meat for a banquet; and in accordance with their just wishes, six bullocks were purchased and slaughtered for their benefit. To satisfy all their demands and expectations, three full bales of cloth and one hundred and twenty pounds of beads were disbursed. My daily fare at this time consisted of chickens, sweet potatoes, milk, tea, and coffee.

The village became after our arrival a place of great local

importance. It attracted an unusual number of native traders from all sides within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Reports of us were carried far along the paths of trade to the countries contiguous to the highways of traffic, because we were in a land which had been, from time immemorial, a land of gossip and primitive commerce.

Though the Prince of Kagehyi is a well-meaning and well-disposed creature, he possessed an infirmity that rendered him incapable of rendering me that service which he had himself suggested to me. He promised that he would accompany me in my exploration of Lake Victoria! It is to be doubted, after acquiring such a knowledge of his character, whether his intentions could be fulfilled.

Nearly all the Wangwana, while the *Lady Alice* was being prepared for sea, were impressed with the vastness of the enterprise. There were, they said, a people dwelling on its shores who were gifted with tails; another who trained enormous and fierce dogs for war; another a tribe of cannibals, who preferred human flesh to all other kinds of meat. The lake was so large that it would take years to trace its shores, and who then at the end of that time would remain alive? Therefore, as I expected, there were no volunteers for the exploration of the Great Lake.

Within seven days the boat was ready, and strengthened for a rough sea life. Provisions of flour and dried fish, bales of cloth and beads of various kinds, odds and ends of small portable necessaries were boxed, and she was declared, at last, to be only waiting for her crew "Would any one volunteer to accompany me?" A dead silence ensued. "Not for rewards and extra pay?" Another dead silence: no one would volunteer. "Yet I must," said I "depart. Will you let me go alone?" "No." "What then? Show me my braves—those men who freely enlist to follow their master round the sea."

All were again dumb. Appealed to individually, each said he knew nothing of sea life; each man frankly declared himself a terrible coward on water.

"Then what am I to do?"

Wanwa Sera said, "Master, have done with these questions. Command your party. All your people are your children, and they will not disobey you. While you ask them as a friend, no one will offer his services. Command them, and they will all go."

Then I called Kachéché, the detective, and told him to ascer-

tain the names of those young men who were accustomed to sea life. After reflecting upon the capacities of the younger men, as they had developed themselves on the road, I made a list of ten sailors and a steersman, to whose fidelity I was willing to entrust myself and fortunes coasting round the Victorian Sea.

Accordingly, after drawing up instructions for Frank Pocock and Fred Barker on about a score of matters concerning the wellbeing of the Expedition during my absence, I set sail on the 8th of March, 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which we first sighted, and which henceforward is known, in honour of the first discoverer, as "Speke Gulf."

BRIDGE ISLAND.

Afloat on the waters of Speke Gulf! The sky is gloomy and the light grey water has become a dull ashen grey; the rocks are bare and rugged; and the land, sympathizing with the gloom above, appears silent and lonely. The people sigh dolorously, their rowing is that of men who think they are bound to certain death, and now and again wistful looks are thrown towards me as though they expected an order to return. Their hearts are full of misgivings, and slowly, however, we move through the dull, dead waters.

We continued to coast along populous Ururi. The country appears well cultivated, and villages are numerous. Some of the Waruri fishermen informed us that we should be eight years circumnavigating the lake!

The hippopotami of Lake Victoria are an excessively belli-

gerent species, and the unwary voyager, on approaching their haunts, exposes himself to danger. We are frequently chased by them; and as the boat was not adapted for a combat with such pachyderms, a collision would have been fatal to us.

At evening we camped on Bridge Island, so named from a natural bridge of basaltic rock which form an irregular arch of about twenty-four feet in length, by twelve feet in depth, and under which we were able to pass from one side of the island to the other.

The number of islands encountered proved so troublesome to us that we were compelled to creep cautiously along the shores. We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Maheta, where we saw a denser population and more clusters of large villages than we had beheld elsewhere.

On the 2nd of April, just as we were about to depart, we saw six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, coming round a point. On surveying them with my glass I saw that several who were seated amidship were dressed in white, and our guides informed us that they were the *Kabaka's* people. The commander was a fine lusty young man, named Magassa, of twenty or thereabouts, and after springing into our boat he knelt down before me, and declared his errand to the following effect:—

"The *Kabaka* Mtesa sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the *Kabaka.*

Magassa, in his superb canoe, led the way, and his little slave drummed an accompaniment to the droning chant of his canoe-men. When about two miles from Usavara, Mtesa's camp, we saw what we estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore, Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with fire-arms, and was at once obeyed by his dozen musketeers. Half a mile off I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the end of which stood several finely-dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach, volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while two hundred or three hundred heavily loaded guns announced to all around that the white man had

landed. Numerous drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode up toward the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to me begged me to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro.* Not knowing very well who the "Katekiro" was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow was far more profound and stately than mine. I was perplexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray my embarrassment.

The *Katekiro* and several of the chiefs accompanied me to my hut, and a very sociable conversation took place. I obtained the information that the *Katekiro* was the prime minister, or the *Kabaka's* deputy.

Hosts of questions were fired off at me about my health, my journey, and its aim, Zanzibar, Europe, and its people, the seas and the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, angels, and devils, doctors, priests, and craftsmen in general; in fact, as the representative of nations who "know everything," I was subjected to a most searching examination, and in one hour and ten minutes it was declared unanimously that I had "passed."

The fruits of the favourable verdict passed upon myself and merits were seen presently in fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before me and said:—

"The *Kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend who has travelled so far to see him. The *Kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied."

We bathed, brushed, cleaned ourselves, and were prepared externally and mentally for the memorable hour when we should meet the Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa. Two of the *Kabaka's* pages came to summon us. "The *Kabaka* invites you to the burzah," said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard,

five of the boat's crew on each side of me armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the *Kabaka* is seated with a multitude of chiefs, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, etc. As we approached the nearest group, it opened, and the drummers beat mighty sounds. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and advances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners.

The *Kabaka*, a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands warmly and impressively, and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to show the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.

He first took a deliberate survey of me, which I returned with interest, for he was as interesting to me as I was to him. His impression of me was that I was younger than Speke, not so tall, but better dressed. This I gathered from his criticisms as confided to his chiefs and favourites.

My impression of him was that he and I would become better acquainted, that I should make a convert of him, and make him useful to Africa—but what other impressions I had may be gathered from the remarks I wrote that evening in my diary:—

"Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do. I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone's hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I saw over three thousand soldiers of Mtesa nearly half civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs who might be classed in the same scale, and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labour; his name is Muley ben Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honour the memory of Muley ben Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation stones laid by Muley ben Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

On April 5th, about 7 a. m., Mtesa sallied out of his quarters, accompanied by a host of guards, pages, standard-bearers, fifers, drummers, chiefs, and native guests, and about two hundred women of his household, and as he passed by my court-yard, he sent one of his pages to request my presence. Mtesa was seated on an iron stool, the centre of a large group of admiring women, who, as soon as I appeared, focussed about two hundred pairs of lustrous humid eyes on my person, at which he laughed.

"You see, 'Stamlee,'" said he, "how my women look at you; they expected to see you accompanied by a woman of your own colour. Come and sit down."

Presently Mtesa whispered an order to a page, who sprang to obey, and responding to his summons, there darted into view forty magnificent canoes, all painted an ochreous brown. These forty canoes contained in the aggregate about 1,200 men. Each captain, as he passed us, seized shield and spear, went through the performance of defence and attack by water. The naval review over, Mtesa commanded one of the captains of the canoes to try and discover a crocodile or a hippopotamus. After fifteen minutes he returned with the report that there was a young crocodile asleep on a rock about two hundred yards away. "Now, Stamlee," said Mtesa, "show my women how white men can shoot." To represent all the sons of Japhet on this occasion was a great responsibility, but I am happy to say that I nearly severed the head of the young crocodile from its body at the distance of one hundred yards with a three-ounce ball, an act which was accepted as proof that all white men are dead shots.

On the 10th of April the camp broke up and moved to the capital, whither I was strongly urged to follow. Owing to my being obliged to house my boat from the hot sun, I did not reach the capital until 1 p.m.

The road was eight feet wide, through jungle and garden, forest and field. Within three hours' march we saw the capital crowning the summit of a smooth rounded hill—a large cluster of tall conical grass huts, in the centre of which rose a spacious, lofty, barn-like structure, which we were told, was the palace!

While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the Emperor to show me my house. In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. Court after court was passed until we finally stood in front of the

great house of cane and straw which the Waganda fondly term *Kibuga*, or the Palace. The prospect gained was worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch. On all sides rolled in grand waves a land of sunshine, and plenty, and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great fresh-water sea.

Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling Himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while He was in man's disguise, He was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned His divinity, and yet out of His great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, He asked His great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between Him whom white men love and adore, and Mahommed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mahommed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbelievers was an act that merited Paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments.

The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story as I gave it to them that little of other business was done.

Before we broke up our meeting Mtesa informed me that I should meet a *white man* at his palace the next day.

"A white man, or a Turk?"

"A white man like yourself," repeated Mtesa.

"No; impossible!"

"Yes, you will see. He came from Masr (Cairo), from Gordoom (Gordon) Pasha."

"Ah, very well, I shall be glad to see him, and if he is really a white man, I may probably stay with you four or five days longer," said I to Mtesa, as I bade him good-night.

The "white man," reported to be coming the next day, arrived at noon with great éclat and flourishes of trumpets, the sounds of which could be heard all over the capital. He was Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, a member of the Gordon-Pasha Expedition.

As soon as I saw him I recognized him as a Frenchman. Not being introduced to him—and as I was then but a mere guest of Mtesa, with whom it was M. Linant's first desire to converse—I simply bowed to him, until he had concluded addressing the Emperor, when our introduction took place.

I was delighted at seeing him, and much more delighted when I discovered that M. Linant was a very agreeable man.

M. Linant passed many pleasant hours with me. Though he had started from Cairo previous to my departure from Zanzibar, and consequently could communicate no news from Europe, I still felt that for a brief period I enjoyed civilized life. The religious conversations which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who, fortunately for the cause I had in view, was a Protestant. For when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M. Linant, to Mtesa's astonishment, employed nearly the same words, and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before, one having arrived from the south-east, the other having emerged from the north, should nevertheless both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous.

The period of my stay with Mtesa drew to a close, and I requested leave to depart, begging the fulfilment of a promise he had made to me that he would furnish me with transport sufficient to convey the Expedition by water from Kagehyi in Usukuma to Uganda. Nothing loth, since one white man would continue his residence with him till my return, and being eager to see the gifts I told him were safe at Usukuma, he gave his permission, and commanded Magassa to collect thirty canoes, and to accompany me to my camp. On the 15th April we left Rubaga.

In the evening I concluded my letter dated 14th April 1875, which were sent to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, the English and American journals I represented here, appealing for a Christian mission to be sent to Mtesa.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

The appeal written hurriedly, and included in the letter left at Usavara, was as follows :—

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Muslim Sabbath. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal, as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh ! that some pious, practical missionary would come here ! What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization ! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc. ; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligence of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the whole white race. Such a man or men, Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, —an empire 360 geographical miles in length, and fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white man that, if they will only come to him, he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for mission than Uganda ? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The Colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them ? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, and the Free Methodists at Mombassa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. 'Here, gentlemen is your opportunity—embrace it ! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous extincts, and listen to them ; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense ; I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanymbe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.

"Owing to the events which I am about to record I was unable to return to Mtesa's capital within the time specified to M. Linant, but it is evident that my friend waited nearly six weeks for me. He sustained a fierce attack for fourteen hours from several thousand Wanyoro *en route* to Ismailia, but finally succeeded in making his escape, and reaching Colonel Gordon's headquarters in safety. On the 26th August, however, being on another mission, he was attacked by the Baris near a place called Labore, and he and his party of thirty-six soldiers were massacred. This sad event occurred four days after I returned on my second visit to the Ripon Fall."

Ascending a lofty hill my eye roved over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of grey plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain ignorant of Him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland! How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain unvisited by the Teacher!

But at present, verily, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. Oh, for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria.

Next day as we sailed a little distance along the coast, we caught sight of a few figures which broke the even and smooth outline of the grassy summit, and heard the well-known melodious war-cries employed by most of the Central African tribes, "Hehu-a-hehu-u-u-u!" loud, long-drawn, and ringing.

The figures increased in number, and fresh voices joined in the defiant and alarming note. Still, hungry as we were, with nothing eatable in our boat, we were obliged to risk something, reminding ourselves "that there are no circumstances so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

Immediately the natives rushed down the slopes, shouting war-cries and uttering fierce ejaculations. I saw some lift great stones, while others prepared their bows.

We were now about ten yards from the beach, and Safeni and Baraka, two rowers, spoke earnestly, pointing to their mouths,

and by gestures explaining that their bellies were empty. They smiled with insinuating faces; uttered the words "brothers," "friends," "good fellows," most volubly; cunningly interpolated the words Mtesa—the *Kabaka.* Their pleasant volubility seemed to have produced a good effect, for the stones were dropped, the bows were unstrung, and the lifted spears lowered to assist the steady, slow-walking pace with which they now advanced.

Safeni and Baraka then, with engaging frankness, invited the natives, who were now about two hundred in number, to come closer. The natives consulted a little while and several advanced leisurely into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly with a rush they run the boat ashore, and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about twenty yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving us almost stupefied with astonishment!

Then ensued a scene which beggars description. .Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears were levelled; thirty or forty bows were drawn; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved about our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver, to kill and be killed. But the apparent helplessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I should get no aid from my crew. I assumed a resigned air, though I still retained my revolvers. My crew also bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage which assailed them with almost sublime imperturbability. Safeni crossed his arms with the meekness of a saint. Baraka held his hands, palms outward, asking with serene benignity, "What, my friends, ails you? Do you fear empty hands and smiling people like us? We are friends, we came as friends to buy food, two or three bananas, a few mouthfuls of grain, or potatoes, or cassava, and if you permit us, we shall depart as friends."

Our demeanour had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed

to be subsiding, when some fifty newcomers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft, again the bows were drawn, and again the barbed arrows seemed flying.

I sprang up to remonstrate, with the two revolvers in my left hand. I addressed myself to an elder, who seemed to be restraining the people from proceeding too far. I showed him beads, cloth, wire, and invoked the name of Mtesa, their king.

The sight of the heaps of beads and cloth I exposed awakened, however, the more deliberate passions of selfishness and greed in

AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MSOSSI.

each heart. An attempt at massacre, they began to argue, would certainly entail the loss of some of themselves. "Guns might be seized and handled with terrible effect, even by dying men, and who knows what those little iron things in the white man's hands are?" they seem to be asking themselves. The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted the elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be King of Bumbireh.

Half the crowd followed the king and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their violent, vituperative tongue

on us, and to continually menace us with their club or spear. An audacious party came round the stern of the boat, and, with superlatively hideous gestures, affronted me; one of them even gave a tug at my hair, thinking it was a wig. I revenged myself by seizing his hand, and suddenly bending it back almost dislocated it, causing him to howl with pain. His comrades swayed their lances, but I smilingly looked at them, for all idea of self-preservation had now almost fled.

The issue had surely arrived. There had been just one brief moment of agony, when I reflected how unlovely death appears in such guise as that in which it then threatened me. What would my people think as they anxiously waited for the never-returning master! What would Pocock and Barker say when they heard of the tragedy of Bumbireh! And my friends in America and Europe! "Tut, it is only a brief moment of pain, and then what can the ferocious dogs do more? It is a consolation that, if anything, it will be short, sharp, sudden. And after that I was ready for the fight and for death.

"Now, my black friends, do your worst; anything you choose; I am ready."

A messenger from the king and the council arrives, and beckons Safeni. I said to him, "Safeni, use your wit." "Please God, master," he replied.

Safeni drew nearly all the crowd after him, for curiosity is strong in the African. I saw him pose himself. A born diplomatist was Safeni. His hands moved up and down, outward and inward; a cordial frankness sat naturally on his face; his gestures were graceful; the man was an orator, pleading for mercy and justice.

Safeni returned, his face radiant. "Its all right, master; there is no fear. They say we must stop here until to-morrow."

"Will they sell us food?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as they settle their shauri."

While Safeni was speaking, six men rushed up and seized the oars. Safeni, though hitherto polite, lost temper at this, and endeavoured to prevent them. They raised their clubs to strike him. I shouted out, "Let them go, Safeni."

A loud cheer greeted the seizure of the oars. I became convinced now that this one little act would lead to others; for man is the same all over the world. Give a slave an inch, and he

will take an ell; if a man submit once, he must be prepared to submit again.

After the warriors had departed, some women came to look at us. We spoke kindly to them, and in return they gave us the consoling assurance that we should be killed; but they said that if we could induce Shekka to make blood-brotherhood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

About 3 p.m. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavour to enduce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood. A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us recognized as indicating hostilities. Even Safeni and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were, "Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble."

"Never mind me," I replied, "I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?"

"We are," they all firmly answered.

"Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these beads, and ask him to change blood with you."

Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within one hundred and fifty yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men bepainted for war were increasing Shekka's force. Some of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought. Their gestures were wild, their voices were fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over three hundred. Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry.

"Here, Safeni," I said, "take these two fine red cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay

your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are."

"Yes, Master," they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

I waited till he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, "Safeni! Safeni, return!"

The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

My boat was at the water's edge. "Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;" and clear of all obstructions she darted out upon the lake.

Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths on his hand. The foremost of a crew of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"Spring into the water, man, head first," I cried.

The balanced spear was about to fly, and another man was preparing his weapon for a deadly cast, when I raised my gun and the bullet ploughed through him and through the second. The bowmen halted and drew their bows. I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst with terrible effect. The natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about one hundred yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove. Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom boards out of the boat and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore.

RECEPTION AT BUMBIREH ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.

I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

Meanwhile the savages, baffled and furious at seeing their prey escape, had rushed, after a short consultation, to man two canoes that were drawn up on the beach at the north-west corner of the cove. Twice I dropped men as they endeavoured to launch the boats; but they persisted, and finally, launching them, pursued us vigourously. Two other canoes were seen coming down the coast from the eastern side of the island. Unable to escape, we stopped after we had got out of the cove, and waited for them.

Four shots killed five men and sank two of the canoes. The two others retired to assist their friends out of the water. They attempted nothing further, but some of those on shore had managed to reach the point, and as we resumed our paddles, we heard a voice cry out, "Go and die in the Nyanza!" and saw them shoot their arrows, which fell harmlessly a few yards behind us. We were saved!

It was 5 p.m. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong, fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we had head-winds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, where should we apply for food?

A gentle breeze came from the island. We raised the lug-sail, hoping that it would continue fair for a south-east course. But at 7 p.m. it fell a dead calm. We resumed our extemporized paddles—those thin, weak bottom-boards. Our progress was about three-quarters of a mile per hour! Throughout the night we laboured, cheering one another. In the morning not a speck of land was visible; all was a boundless circle of grey water.

We resigned ourselves to the waves and the rain that was falling in sheets, and the driving tempest. Up and down we rose and plunged. The moon now shone clear upon the boat and her wretched crew, ghastily lighting up the crouching, wearied, despairing forms, from which there sometimes rose deep sighs that rung my heart. "Cheer up my lads," I said, to encourage them. One of the thwarts was chopped up and we made a fire, and with some coffee we felt somewhat refreshed. And

then, completely wearied out, they all slept, but I watched, busy with my thoughts.

Though my men had only eaten four bananas between them, and tasted, besides, a cup of coffee, in sixty-eight hours, when I urged them to resume their paddles they rallied to my appeal with a manliness which won my admiration, responding with heroic will, but alas! with little strength. At 2 p.m.—seventy-six hours after leaving Alice Island—we approached land. We crawled out of the boat, and each of us thanked God and lay down on the glowing sand to rest. But food must be obtained. Within half an hour I had obtained a brace of large fat ducks; and Baraka and Safeni each two bunches of young green bananas. What glad souls were we that evening around our camp fire with the gracious abundance to which a benignant Providence had led us. No wonder that before retiring, feeling ourselves indebted to the Supreme Being who had preserved us through so many troubles, we thanked Him for His mercies and His bounties.

We rested another day to make oars. Hoping to reach our camp next morning, we put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and the wind sent us merrily over the tall waves, straight towards camp. Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, for the people had recognized us by our sail when miles away, and as we drew nearer the shouts changed to volleys of musketry, and the waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of the glad-hearted men. For we had been fifty-seven days away from our people, and many a false rumour had reached them of our deaths, strengthened each day that our return was deferred and our absence grew longer. But the sight of our exploring-boat dissipated all concern and fear. As the keel grounded, fifty men bounded into the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round the camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, and clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of forms, and real Saxon hurrahing.

Frank Pocock was there, his face lit up by fulness of joy, but when I asked him where Fred Barker was, and why he did not come to welcome us, Frank's face clouded with the sudden recollection of our loss as he answered, "Because he died twelve days ago, Sir, and he lies there," pointing gravely to a low mound of earth by the lake!

MORE ABOUT VOLCANOES.

BY E. C. BRUCE.

CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

IN the blazing chimney of a blast-furnace at night we have a very striking spectacle, familiar as it is. By day, the incandescent gases that form the waving red flag of the iron-master are less visible, but great volumes of smoke float abroad over a blackened country, where many forms of vegetation are blighted, grass is smothered, and the trunks of trees don a dingy cloak. It is an artificial volcano on a small scale, with several craters, an environing desert corresponding to that which surrounds Hecla, and a steady accumulation on the soil of the products of combustion. We approach the cupola amid the deafening clank of trip-hammers and whir of fly-wheels in no feeble mimicry of the groans of the Titans under Ossa or Enceladus under Etna. The heat grows more and more oppressive as we draw toward the centre of activity. Presently, an opening is formed, and a white-hot torrent of slag, or lava, pours slowly forth. This cools so rapidly that the gases imprisoned within its substance have not time to escape. They thus give the hardened mass, generally, a cellular or porous structure and a comparatively low specific gravity. On the surface a crust forms immediately, and you may soon walk upon it without prejudice to your shoes, as the Vesuvian tourists traverse the still-moving lava and light their way with torches improvised by thrusting their walking-sticks into the crevices. Altogether, the rehearsal of the phenomena of an eruption is, as far as it goes, exact. It would be more so were a mound of earth and rock heaped up around the furnace and its vent, while unlimited fuel continued to be supplied at the buried base. Dump into the chimney a quantity of material like that which surrounds it, add some barrels of water, and hurry out of

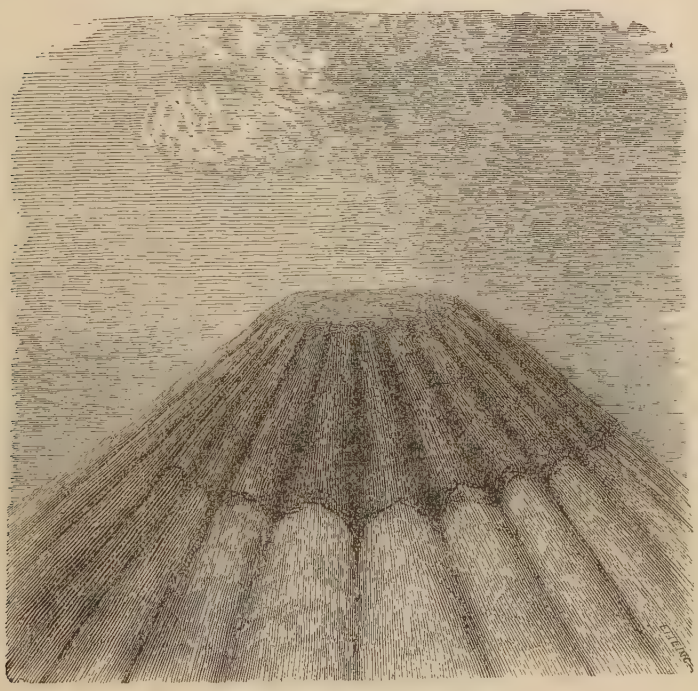
the way. A violent ejection of lava in a vertical direction will take the place of the sluggish lateral flow we have witnessed. Cooled still more quickly by its more rapid passage through the atmosphere, it becomes more porous and lighter. It may resemble pumice. But there can be no such variety of mineral forms as that yielded by volcanoes. The subterranean laboratory is infinite in its resources, and they appear in all the combinations heat can produce. The lava itself varies greatly in the density of its structure, as, to a less extent, does its relative of the iron-furnace. Its gradations in this respect lie between basalt,

Crater of Vesuvius in 1845.

or the almost equally hard paving-stones of Pompeii, and the delicate floating fibres scattered by Mauna Loa over the island at its base, and termed by the natives the hair of their ancient goddess Pelé. The latter substance is the result of a current of cold air passing sharply across the surface of an outpour of lava, and has been recently reproduced artifically at the great iron-works of Essen. It resembles spun glass, and may, like it, be used as a textile. Pumice, which is lighter than water, and in great eruptions have been known to cover square miles of sea, is a more familiar form.

Man has naturally been always curious about the chimneys of

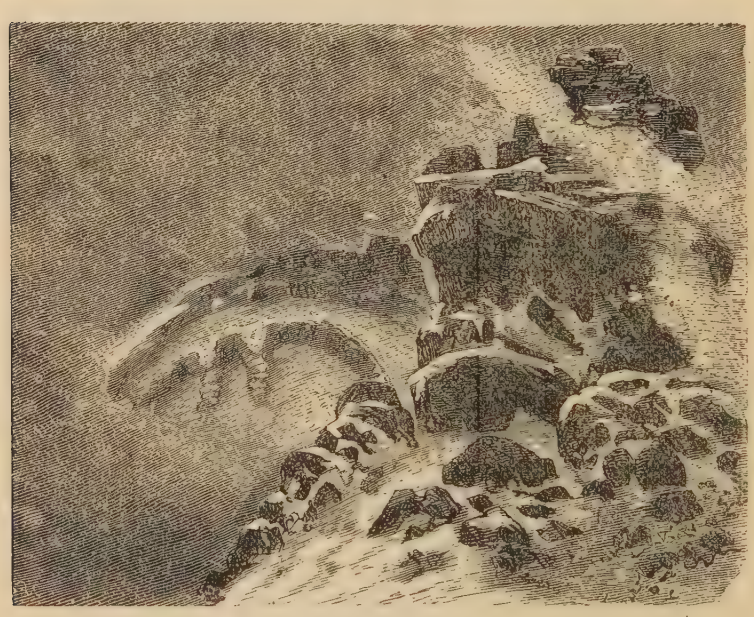
his spherical dwelling-place. He is fond of observing them from below, and when he can, from above. Vesuvius is one of the stock shows of Italy, like the Apollo and the Coliseum. Two generations ago 'its blaze' was 'a usual sight to gaping tourists from its hackneyed height.' It is still more so now, the telegraph enabling lovers of the marvellous to stay at home till the last moment, and traverse Europe between the last preliminary throe and the actual outbreak.



THE GUNUNG SUMBING.

Free from danger, seated in a region where the fire-mountain and the mastodon seem equally extinct, let us take a peep into these fiery secrets of the under-world. We climb, for example, to the top of Stromboli. A third of the way down the mountain-side, opposite to that by which we ascended, we see the bowl of while-hot broth that has been full and bubbling without the slightest intermission for at least twenty-three centuries. At intervals more or less regular it boils over with a splutter that shakes the earth and sends a spray of incandescent rocks into

the sea, which grumbles the while like a blacksmith's water-barrel when he cools a bar of iron from the anvil. Or, turning our backs on this very moderate specimen of a volcanic vent, we step to the Sandwich Islands and skirt the six square miles of molten lava at Kilauea, the lower and secondary crater of Mauna Loa. It would melt down two Strombolis, and the five hundred feet through which it rises and falls would scarce be so increased, by the throwing of them into the basin, as to cause the overflow which has long been looked for in vain. Vaster still, though not at present occupied by lava, is the cavity of Dasar in Java.



THE FRIAR'S PEAK.

Standing on its brim, three hundred feet high, one can scarcely perceive a horseman in the middle, and to traverse its utterly barren expanse, deep with cinders, is a fatiguing march. There are, moreover, craters within craters, like a cup and saucer, the cup reversed and a hole in its bottom. This is a common form, the interior cone being composed of the latter ejections, and changing shape and dimensions with the fluctuations in the activity of the volcano. Etna and Vesuvius vary their profile in a course of years by the growth and decrease of this mound. It sometimes rises several hundred feet above the level of the

wall of the main crater, and its disappearance correspondingly reduces the apparent height of the mountain.

The size of the crater does not bear any fixed relation to that of the volcano to which it belongs. The diameter of the summit-basin of Volcano, one of the Lipari Islands, which has the honour of having contributed the generic name, is, for instance, three thousand feet, the mountain rising but twelve hundred feet above the sea; while Etna, with an elevation of nearly eleven thousand feet, has a crater but half as large. Etna, in turn, excels in this feature the Peak of Teneriffe, which is fourteen hundred feet higher, and has emitted from its narrow mouth the

Hecla.

substance of the whole island upon which in one sense it stands and which in another it composes.

Again, not only do mountains which possess craters, or even a relay of them, frequently neglect to use them in their moments of frenzy, and branch off, like some human spouters, into side-issues, but there are volcanoes devoid of craters altogether. Among those is Antisana, nineteen thousand feet high. Nor can Ararat be said to posses one. This famous hill, 17,210 feet above the sea, and 14,000 above the surrounding plain, only took its place in the ranks of active volcanoes in 1840, after a silence running back beyond the event which gives it celebrity. The eruption of that year is unfortunately less minutely chronicled than the voyage of the ark, but it appears to have proceeded from an opening in the flank of the mountain.

As water is so important an agent in the production of volcanic throes, it is looked to by those who have an immediate and fearful interest in the matter to give warning of an approaching convulsion. The wells, they say, sink and the springs disappear. The time for preparation may be a few hours, or it may be some days, but when the wells change level it has come. So it was

FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.
(*Extinct Volcano*).

at Naples in 1779, 1805 and 1822. At the same time, the sign is not infallible, nor does it always manifest itself when an eruption is at hand. A cause for the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon is easy to suggest. The expulsion of an enormous volume of matter, solid or gaseous, must produce a vacuum, and any surface fluid within reach will be absorbed to fill it. An infusion of the water with clay, scoriæ or other matter by the

direct action of the expulsive force, changing its colour to white, red or black, admits of as ready an explanation. When such portents are followed closely by a preliminary growl from the awakening monster, the crisis cannot be far off. The movements of the imprisoned gases which thus make themselves felt may or may not be attended by marked tremors of the surface. Generally, they are comparatively slight, and are confined to the immediate neighbourhood.

The sympathy of ocean is sometimes as early in showing itself. Earthquakes are commonly accompanied by an agitation of the sea, but it sometimes occurs at the moment of an eruption. This happened at the destruction of Herculaneum, and at

Bay of Baïa, Southern Italy.

the outbreak of the mountain in 1775. A few hours before the latter eruption, with no perceptible movement of the land, the waves fled from the Neapolitan coast so far that the inhabitants thought that the bottom of the sea had fallen through at some remote point.

The dwellers in volcanic lands do not always wait for any of these warnings. Observation and experience seem to have provided them with a special sense they cannot define, and not possessed by strangers. In 1835, for example, Vesuvius gave forth none of the recognized notes of danger, yet those who had spent their lives at its base were conscious of an approaching

crisis. The air, they said, was heavy and oppressive—very calm, though not warmer than usual. May this sensation, frequently noted on like occasions elsewhere, be due to a discharge of carbonic acid gas, rolling down the sides of the mountain, and mingling with the atmosphere before it separates and sinks ?

This gas, combined with sulphurous and hydrochloric gas, and with steam, exists abundantly in the vertical jet of smoke and cinders thrown out at the moment of the eruption—Pliny's 'pine tree.' This column, the vanguard of the Plutonic invasion, is driven through the before unbroken crust of the crater with immense force. A column of smoke, comparatively light as it is, it rises to a height of hundreds, and even thousands, of yards before dispersing horizontally. Far above it rises the more solid matters of ejection. A sheaf of these balls of fire were seen one hundred and eighty miles at sea when the eruption of Kotlugaia occurred in 1860—an angle implying an elevation of twenty-four thousand feet, or nearly five miles. They were heard to burst at a distance of a hundred miles.

The column of smoke by day becomes one of fire by night. This is due to the reflection from the molten lava which boils beneath and is hurled aloft in fragments. Lightning is also produced, visible by day, when a high electrical tension is reached ; and thunder from above mingles with that from below. The emission of actual flame from the crater has been a disputed point.

The eight yards of ashes and rapilli enveloping Pompeii cease to surprise in face of more modern illustrations of the mass of these substances sometimes ejected. That thrown out by Hecla in 1766 covered a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles. The cinders from Timboro, half a century later, were carried nearly nine hundred miles.

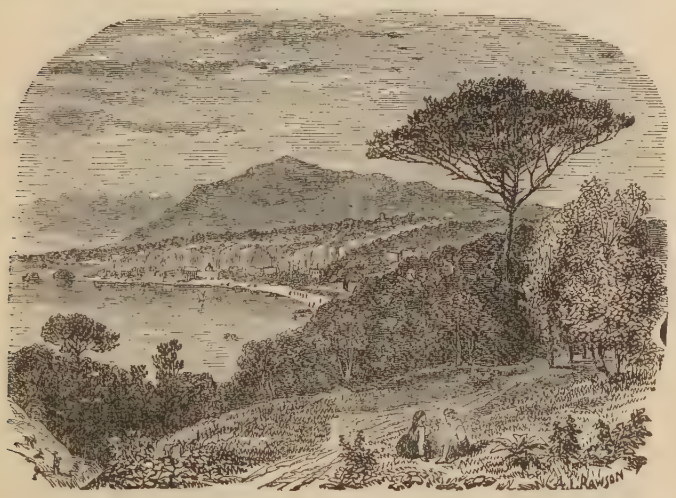
The cinders, when they fall, are rarely dry. They absorb water from the volumes of steam which pass out simultaneously. We have here an explanation of the casts of the human form found at Pompeii and perpetuated by means of plaster. The victims were enveloped in a paste which hardened ere decomposition sit in.

A howitzer like Stromboli carries shells of a few inches in diameter, while such monsters as Cotopaxi bombard heaven and earth with hollow shot of two or three yards calibre. They leave

the crater with about the same velocity imparted by gunpowder, from twelve to fifteen hundred feet per second.

Chili is exceptionally rich—if such a term can be applied to so unpleasant a kind of wealth—in volcanoes. Her limits include the loftiest in the world.

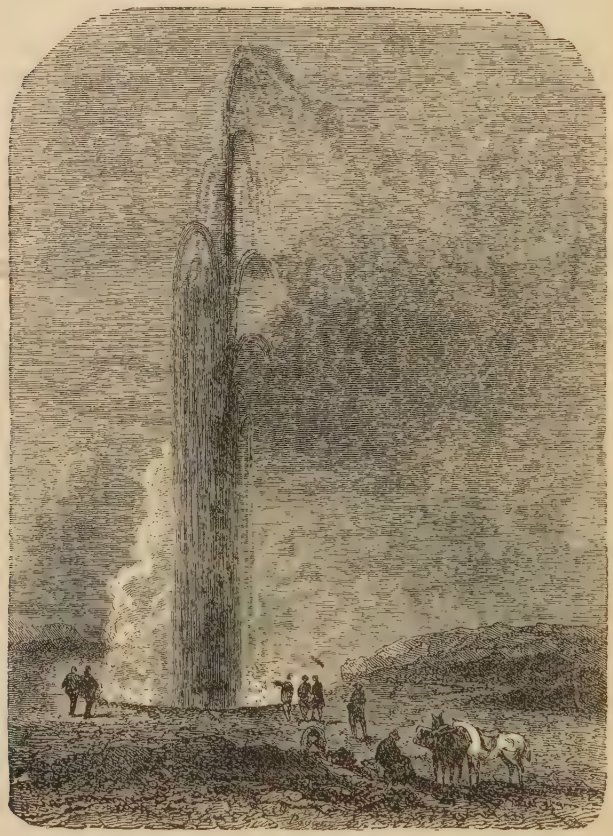
The simile 'kindling fire through ice like Hecla's flame' loses its point when we recall the buried deposits of ice found on Etna and many other volcanoes. An overlay of loose and porous rocks—bad conductors of heat as volcanic rocks generally are—produces these natural, or unnatural, refrigerators. We have already had occasion to note the singular alteration of alliance



Volcanic Cliffs, Southern Italy.

and antagonism between fire and water, resulting in the most violent repulsion and the most intimate combination. Nowhere is the association more striking or multiform than in Iceland. There, the two elements have separate sets of craters. The Geysers have ceased to be unique since the discovery of fountains resembling them in California, in New Zealand, and on the head waters of the Missouri, but for magnitude and beauty they remain unrivalled. In their structure and methods of action we see something regular, finished and artistic. The funnel of a volcano, when inactive, cannot be probed by the eye. Heaps of scoriæ or indurated lava conceal the opening, and we can only speculate as to whether it is capped with a vaulted coverlid or

corked with a long core that penetrates to the internal fires. At the Great Geyser, on the contrary, you stand upon a regularly-formed mound some eighty feet across and of slight elevation. At your feet opens a circular basin of half that diameter and eight or ten feet deep, coated with silicious concretions like moss encrusted with silver. In the centre of this cavity you see,



THE STROCKR.

when the perfectly transparent water is at rest, a cylindrical canal, ten feet across at its mouth and gradually narrowing as its enameled tube sinks out of sight. The water, when in repose, fills the basin to the brim, and the fiercest and loftiest jets cause but little of it to flow down the sides of the mound. There explosions are preceded by sounds like distant cannon. Large

bubbles rise to the surface, which grows convex, and the boiling column shoots to a height of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet.

The Strockr (Churn) has formed no mound, but rises from a slight depression in the plain. Its water, of a yellowish tint though perfectly clear, sometimes sinks twenty or thirty feet below the orifice. This is five feet in diameter. The tube, perfectly round, dwindles as it descends. Its jets attain even a greater height than those of its neighbour, and are longer sustained. Henderson reports having seen one rise for three-quarters of an hour continuously to an elevation, at some moments, of two hundred feet. Ohlsen saw the column maintained at a fourth less than that height for a period more than twice as long.

The solfataras, which are illustrated by that of Pozzuoli, near Naples, have a closer connection with existing volcanoes. They represent an earlier stage on the road to extinction marked out by the other classes of foci we have just named. That of Pozzuoli, like everything else on the shores of the marvellous bay, has been exhaustively studied. Geologists are a unit in pronouncing it a half-dead volcano. The monster's rocky ribs have almost ceased to heave, his bronchial tubes are clogged, and his parting sighs are dense with sulphur. The sympathizing sages who watch his last moments detect from year to year his failing strength. But he is very likely to outlive them. The process of dissolution with so vast a body is slow. It may be preceded by intervals of coma covering four or five centuries, and the vital fires may then again flicker up into convulsions. The Titans measure their threescore and ten not by years, but by æons, and their dying hours by ages.

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone,
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My love, my law, life's only sweet.

REV. THOMAS SAVAGE.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A DEVOTED FATHER, BY HIS SON, JOHN WESLEY SAVAGE.

The Rev. Thomas Savage.

It scarcely becomes me to write as I could write of such a father, nevertheless my close relationship shall not prevent me, now that I am advancing myself in years and in the ministry, from leaving on record, in this my adopted country, some particulars of one so well known in the British Wesleyan Conference, as one of its members from the year 1813 to the year 1859, a period of nearly forty-six years. The Rev. Thomas Savage, father also of the Rev. William Savage, my father-like brother, as I may say, was born at Doncaster, the birth-place also of Dr. Punshon, in the year 1793. From childhood he was of a kind, affection-

ate, and reasoning disposition, which made him very thoughtful beyond his years. His conversion being very remarkable, he particularly referred to it at the time of his reception into full connexion by the Conference at Sheffield, in 1817, the account of which has appeared in many books, and at the request of the President of that year in the *Wesleyan Magazine.* The following was by him addressed to the Editor:—

SIR,—At the Sheffield Conference of 1817, when examining the young men in the public congregation, I was greatly surprised by the extraordinary declaration of one of the preachers. The effect his narrative produced on the audience induced me to request him to commit to paper what he had distinctly stated. As it contains a well authenticated account of what infidelity has affected to deny, and many well-informed Christians receive with suspicion and doubt, your insertion of his letter to me will, at least, afford some further evidence on a question which is of such high interest and importance to the world.

J. GAULTER.

SHEFFIELD, February, 1818.

HONOURED SIR,—According to your desire I take up my pen to give you the particulars of a solemn fact, which was the first grand means of leading my mind seriously to think of those solemn realities, death, judgment, and eternity. A sister being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had orders for one of the Spanish Isles in the Mediterranean. One night about ten o'clock, sixteen years since, in the Town of Doncaster, in Yorkshire, England, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself were sitting in a back room—the shutters were closed, barred, and bolted, and the yard door locked—suddenly a light shone through the window, and illumined the room in which we were sitting. We looked—started—and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother—his eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately, he waved his hand—smiled—continued about half a minute—and then vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried, "He's dead! he's dead!" Her little boy ran toward the apparition, and wept because it would not stay. A short time after this, we received a letter from the colonel of the regiment, sealed with a black seal—the dark emblem of death—bearing the doleful but expected news that, on such a night, answering to the same on which we saw his spirit, my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, having been murdered by the Spaniards when returning from the mess-room; the spark of life was not quite extinct when he was found, and the last wish which he was heard to breathe was that he might see his wife and child once again; which was granted him in a certain sense, for the very hour he died in the Island of Minorca, in that same hour his spirit appeared to his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself.

Before this event, though a boy of nine years only, I was a complete

atheist, having been taught by my father to disbelieve everything except what I saw; but by this solemn circumstance I was convinced of the reality of another world's existence; and by the solemn impression that it made upon my mind, I was led to pray for mercy, which mercy I found at the foot of the cross, and now feel the Holy Spirit preparing my soul to enter those eternal and invisible regions—the world of spirits. My sister, from the night that she saw the spirit of her husband, and before she received any intelligence of his death went into mourning for him; nor could my father prevent it by any argument. He endeavoured to persuade us we were all deluded and deceived, yet he acknowledged that the testimony which the child gave staggered him; but when the letter arrived from the colonel of the regiment, with the awful tidings of a brother's death, he was *struck dumb*, so to speak, and had nothing more to say. My two sisters are yet living, and can testify to the truth of this account; besides which at least one hundred persons can prove our mentioning the hour the spirit appeared, several weeks before we received the melancholy letter, and that letter mentioned the night and the hour as the same in which we beheld his spirit.

Obediently,

THOMAS SAVAGE.

Such is the letter forwarded by my father to the President, and at his request inserted in the MAGAZINE of the Church; and many infidels since meeting with the account in some book or other, would write my father asking him to corroborate, or acknowledge the correctness of the statements, and they would renounce their scepticism. Such enquiries were received to the end of his life; the opinion prevailing that he would not maintain what they thought false in advanced ministerial life. Forty years after the mysterious appearance of my uncle, I was preaching in Leeds, and in the sermon referred to it, but made no mention of my father. An elderly lady, after the service, enquired, "Is your name not Savage?" She expressed her surprise because I did not state that the minister, I referred to as then a member of the Wesleyan Conference, was my own father. She informed me that when the apparition occurred she lived in Doncaster, and scores of young people visited the locality the next day, looking at the apartment and window, and afterwards spoke of it as the haunted room. This, so many years after, seemed like information from an independent source, and collateral testimony respecting the mysterious event. Some persons have referred to it in this country, chiefly however, in the direction of enquiry, and called the attention of my brother and myself to the remarkable circumstance. The Rev. W. S. Thornton, M.A.,

in the year of his presidency in Toronto, drew our attention to it, with a good deal of feeling. In Picton, a lady, to whom Dr. Harper introduced me, whose two daughters, young ladies of eighteen or twenty years, had been taken from her unexpectedly, whose mind was much disturbed, found great relief as to the continuance of life without cessation in the next world. I think the thought of the long sleep of the dead, as believed by some, had much troubled her, notwithstanding the definite teaching of the Bible to the contrary.

Father, now fully convinced, as he states in his letter, of the existence of another world was led to pray. For four years he was an earnest seeker, and while reading, at the end of that period, the biography of a young man, his mind was enlightened as to the plan of salvation; he obtained mercy through believing in Jesus. From his conversion his whole mental and bodily energies were employed in publishing the wonders of redeeming grace. He was brought up to the law, and by his Christian steadfastness and self-denial he often brought upon himself the jeers and taunts of his fellow-clerks. Though his prospect in life was very good, yet this he cheerfully sacrificed in obedience to the Divine call to preach the Gospel, for which he counted no loss too great.

He was about twenty years of age when he entered the work of the Christian ministry. His first circuit was Willingborough, and from the first he was most useful and happy, and during the long period of forty-six years he laboured in the Wesleyan connexion. He was throughout his ministry a faithful, affectionate, energetic, and able preacher, and won the entire confidence of his fellow-labourers. On his reception into full connexion he married Miss Hannah Chester, from his native town, who proved to him a judicious, active, and affectionate wife, whose unwearied zeal and unwavering piety rendered her ever ready to assist and advise. She passed to her rest at the age of fifty-five. She had been for forty years an exemplary member of the Wesleyan Church, and a great part of the time an affectionate and faithful class-leader. In all the relationships of life she ornamented society, being a devoted, loving wife, a tender mother, and a faithful friend. Her end was peaceful, happy, and triumphant. "Grace reigned through righteousness."

Father continued his labours for years after her death, desiring

to serve until he might "his body with his charge lay down, and cease at once to work and live." He expressed a wish to "die in the harness." Father was a great temperance advocate, and for some time, I understand, was President of the great Moral Suasion Society in England, and one of those early ministers who took a decided stand in the British Wesleyan Conference on the total abstinence question, against which, at that time, so many were prejudiced. Towards the close of a most useful career, after witnessing a great many revivals, for the cause prospered wherever he went, his health began to decline, and he laboured beyond his strength. His zeal was such that he jeopardized his health, even his life. The words of the poet commencing

> "The love of Christ doth me constrain,
> To seek the wandering souls of men,"

expressed the language of his soul. He was at last obliged to yield to the harbinger of death, and his happy departure was bright, blooming, and triumphant. Some days before his death he tried to join his daughter, when at his request she played and sang "Thy will be done." He frequently exclaimed "Lord, help me. He is helping me. The Lord is precious. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." His afflicted wife, to whom he had for the last four years been happily united, said "The conflict will soon be over; you will soon be with Jesus." Though scarcely able to speak he said "Yes," and after a short pause he added, "Glory be to God." She said, "Shall I meet you in Heaven?" the look he gave will never be forgotten by those present, when, with emphasis, he exclaimed, "Yes." He then fixed his eyes on one part of the room, and continued "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" Then lifting his eyes upwards, and clasping his hands in prayer, he said, with a faint voice, "Lord, receive"—"Lord, receive"—but was unable to finish the sentence. His daughter repeated some of his favourite lines from the Hymn-book; when she came to that hymn

> "Who are these arrayed in white?"

he seemed to drink in every word, and when the words

> "These are they who bore the cross
> Nobly for their Master stood,"

he exclaimed "Oh! yes! Oh! yes! praise His Holy name, He is

precious!—He is precious!" Sister then said, "Father, Jesus is your support and your comfort, is He not?" He replied with all his strength, "Oh, yes! what a mercy! He is good! Oh, how delightful! Oh, how delightful! Oh, how delightful!" No matter how he suffered, he would express his entire submission. "Thank the Lord," he would say, "all is right, all is right; He does help me, and what He does is best." His mind was kept in perfect peace to the end. His dying words words were "Hallelujah—Hallelujah," and his noble spirit fled, January 23rd, 1858, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and forty-sixth year of his ministry.

As a minister Mr. Savage was earnest, faithful, and useful, whether on Circuit or at Conference, for some years a member of the Legal Hundred, and frequently on special committees with Drs. Bunting and Newton in their earlier ministry. As a man he was upright, conscientious, and circumspect. To the young, an able and willing counsellor. To the poor, afflicted, and bereaved, a ready, cheerful, and generous sympathizer. As a husband, he was unselfish, discreet, and affectionate; and as a father, loving, kind, and indulgent. It is rather remarkable that the last entry he made of his sermons he had preached, was from the appropriate text—"I am ready to be offered, the time of my departure is at hand."

He wrote poetry with perfect ease. His hymns were much appreciated. He was the author of a paraphrase of the "Canadian Boat Song,"—and to please those who would like a copy of it, and who wish to see it in the METHODIST MAGAZINE, I append it in closing this tribute to the character of one of the dearest and fondest of fathers, whose memory is green and precious to thousands in the land of his toil.

CANADIAN BOAT HYMN.

Sweetly let's join our evening prayers,
And give to the wind our worldly cares;
We'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea,
We're sailing to eternity.
Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace,
The haven of Glory's our landing place.

Though dark the night in which we sail,
The Pilot's on board, we cannot fail;
The wind and wave His voice obeyed,

And the great deep by Him was made.
Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace,
The haven of Glory's our landing place.

Faintly at times we pull the oar,
Yet every stroke brings us nearer shore ;
Cross winds, rough waves, are in the way,
Pull strong the oar, and humbly pray.
Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace,
The haven of Glory's our landing place.

Make, make the port, the tide runs high,
Unfurl the white streamers, the haven's nigh ;
The hills and dales of life look dim,
We'll sing to our friends the farewell hymn.
Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace,
The haven of Glory's our landing place.

And when the port of Glory's gained,
And full redemption we've obtained,
With angels above, Hosanna we'll sing,
To Immanuel, Jesus, our Pilot and King.
Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace,
The haven of Glory's our resting place.

P. S.—My brother, the Rev. Wm. Savage, writes me saying there are many incidents he is acquainted with, which might further illustrate the truly noble character of our sainted father. He cheerfully sacrificed four thousand dollars per year to become a Methodist preacher. He also declined Lord Morpeth's offer to place his elder sons in positions in Dublin Castle about forty-six years ago. He showed his manhood in being one of six to form the first association, in the British Wesleyan Conference, on the Temperance question, and one of seven, who stood by Dr. Beaumont and others in securing the wise concessions that were made in 1851-2. As a man of peace, he was sent to Malton in 1818, when the Chapels were all closed against the preachers ; also to Alston in 1852, when two hundred and fifty members had been driven from the church by the high-handed work of some others. Peace to the memory of our sainted father !

In imitating examples there are two rules to be regarded ; first, we must not stretch ours beyond the measure, nor must we despise that in another which is unsuitable for ourselves.—*Cecil.*

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.*

BY JOHN W. DAWSON, D.C.L., F.R.S.
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I.

THE subject of this paper does not lie in the field of that "conflict of science and religion" in which so many theologians and philosophers of our time seem to think that no quarter should be given. It relates to those points, not few or unimportant, in which modern scientific investigation has come into peaceful contact with the revealed Word of God as held by Christians, and has proved itself in harmony therewith, or has illustrated points previously obscure to reason, if held as dogmas by faith. There is, perhaps, the more necessity to refer to such points of contact, that many of them lie out of the way of ordinary students of nature or of the Bible, and that they are so likely to be overlooked amid the noise and struggle that arise from seeming contradictions.

That profound thinkers should sometimes arrive at truths, as matters of speculation, which others may reach by the slower processes of observation, experiment, or calculation, is not surprising, and has often been realized. Nor is it more wonderful that men raised to a high degree of inspiration and of prophetic insight should, in some degree, anticipate our scientific discoveries, more especially in points where natural things present analogies with the supernatural or spiritual. In illustration of such coincidences, I may first refer to a question which, perhaps, rather relates to the sagacious insight of men in general in very ancient times than to anything properly of the nature of revelation.

A subject at present of considerable scientific interest is the connection of spots on the surface of the sun with famines and other calamities. Observation has shown that in the course of every period of about eleven years the sun's surface is affected

* At our request Principal Dawson has courteously placed at our disposal this admirable article which was prepared by him primarily for the *Princeton Review*.—ED.

by what has been called "a wave of sun-spots." When these spots are at a minimum, for a year or so the sun may show scarcely any dark spots. In the course of four or five years they increase in number until they attain a maximum, and then diminish, returning to their minimum in about eleven years. The intensity of the maxima and minima are not quite the same in succeeding cycles, appearing to culminate in periods of about fifty-five years.

Now it seems that the more the spots increase the hotter the sun becomes, and the fewer the spots the cooler. The difference is sufficient to cause a perceptible rise and fall in the waters of our great lakes, and notable differences of the dryness or wetness of successive seasons, though the precise effects vary much with local conditions. Thus in 1879, a year of minimum sun-spots, the summer has been disastrously wet and cold in Western Europe, cooler and more moist than usual in Eastern America, and characterized by severe drought in some southern climates, all this apparently depending upon a diminished supply of solar heat. But floods and droughts bring failures of crops and famines, and thus bring diminished trade and financial crises, while these last in turn produce political and social revolutions. Of course all these influences may locally be counteracted in whole or in part by other causes; but it would seem that about every eleventh year we are to anticipate some aggravation of the general struggle for existence, owing to a diminution of the power of the great central heater and lighter of our system.

But again, there is good reason to believe that the periodicity of sun-spots is determined by the attraction of the planets, and more especially of the greatest of them, Jupiter, whose nearest approach to the sun in his annual revolutions of between eleven and twelve years coincides with the maximum of sun-spots, but may be influenced in this by the positions of the other planets. Thus the planets, and more particularly Jupiter, exercise an important influence on human affairs. That they have this power seems to have been discovered so long ago that the astrological ideas based upon the fact can be traced back to the oldest Chaldean literary monuments, of a date nearly as far back as that of the deluge of Noah. Indications of this belief are thought by some to exist even in the Bible, as in the expression in the Song of Deborah, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.'

It must, however, be admitted that the Bible decidedly opposes astrological divination, as connected with idolatry; and justly so, since the observed facts do not yet warrant any very definite predictions, and they were at a very early period made subservient to imposture and superstition. Still, when we see that such men as Lockyer, Piazzi Smith, Meldrum, and many other astronomers and physicists, repose faith in the connection of sun-spots and sublunary events, we cannot any longer laugh at the Chaldean astrology, or even at the poetical fancy of the old "Mother in Israel," which might be literally true, if Sisera's campaign was in any way determined either by the attitude of the planets, or by his belief in their influence, or even if the flood of the Kishon, which cut off his retreat, was aggravated by planetary influence.

Such a fact as that above referred to may have other bearings. It is obvious that by relegating changes of the seasons to cycles determined by natural law, it cuts away the ground from certain astrological superstitions and Sabean idolatries of the ancient world. On the other hand, it seems to remove famines or droughts or floods from the domain of special providence or of direct divine intervention. Yet it is remarkable that it still leaves scope even for miracle. Our knowledge of these cycles is too limited to enable us to predict their precise effects, while their complication with longer cycles on the one hand, and with local causes on the other, makes the result for any one year or place too complex to be certainly worked out, and gives infinite variety to their operation. If, for example, we should discover that the three years of drought in the time of Ahab coincided with a period of minimum or maximum of sun-spots, though this would enable us better to understand the method employed to punish the idolatrous Israelites through the agency of their adopted sun-god, it would not account for the special local aggravation of the calamity and its coincidence with a certain condition of the nation. It would not, therefore, deprive the visitation of its character of a predetermined punishment wrought by the hand of God.

This is, however, but a very slender point of contact, both because we know as yet little from science as to the matter referred to, and because the Bible does not deal in astrology. There are others more marked, and we may now proceed to consider a few of them, more especially some of those which relate

to the earlier periods treated of in the record of divine revelation.

EDEN.

Perhaps no portion of Bible history seems to have been more thoroughly set at naught by modern scientific speculations than the golden age of Eden, so dear to the imagination of the poet, so interwoven with the past condition and future prospects of man, as held by all religions. We are now invited to regard as our first ancestors certain dumb and semi-brutal descendants of apes, slowly rising amidst a struggle for existence, through successive stages of filth, savagery, bloodshed, and misery, into the condition of such humanity as we see to-day in the lowest tribes of men. So much the worse, probably, for the speculations in question; because they not only outrage our feelings, but contravene all natural probability in their fancied pedigree of man. On the other hand, it can easily be shown that there are important points of agreement between the simple story of Eden, as we have it in Genesis, and scientific probabilities as to the origin of man. Let us glance at these probabilities.

It seems plain that the condition of our earth, in all those long periods when it was inhabited by inferior animals only, was unsuitable for man. We do not expect to find remains of men in the formations of the Palæozoic, Mesozoic, or early Tertiary ages. Man is thus a recent animal in our world. Now, under any hypothesis as to his origin, the external conditions must have been suitable to him before he could appear. If, to use the language of evolutionary philosophy, he was himself the product of the environment acting on the nature of a lower animal, this would be all the more necessary. Further, it would be altogether improbable that these favourable conditions should prevail at one time over the whole world. They must, in the nature of things, have prevailed only in some particular region, the special "centre of creation" of man, and this, whether its conditions arose by chance, as certain theorists would have us believe, or were divinely ordained, must have been to the first men the Eden where they could subsist safely when few, and whence they could extend themselves as they increased in numbers. There is, therefore, in science nothing inconsistent with the Scripture statement that God "prepared a place for man."

Further, no one supposes that man appeared at first with

weapons, armour, and arts full-blown. He must have commenced his career naked, destitute of weapons and clothing, and with only such capacities for obtaining food as his hands and feet could give him. For such a being it was absolutely necessary that the region of his *début* should furnish him with suitable food, and should not task his resources as to shelter from cold, or as to defence from wild animals. The statements in Genesis that it was a "garden," that is, a locality separated in some way from the uninhabited wilderness around; that it was stocked with trees pleasant to the sight and good for food; and that man was placed therein naked and destitute of all the arts of life, to subsist on the spontaneous fruits of the earth, are thus perfectly in accordance with the requirements of the case.

If we inquire as to the portion of the world in which man at first appeared, the theory of evolution advises us to look at those regions of the world in which the lowest types of men now exist, or recently existed, as Tasmania, Terra del Fuego, and the Cape of Good Hope, or it assures us that these tropical jungles which now afford congenial haunts for anthropoid apes, but are most unsuitable for the higher races of men, are the regions most likely to have witnessed the origin of man. But this is manifestly absurd, since, in the case of any species, we should expect that it would originate where the conditions are most favourable to the existence of that species, and not in those regions where, as shown by the result, it can scarcely exist when introduced. We should look for the centre whence men have spread, to those regions in which they can most easily live, and in which they have most multiplied and prospered. In historical times these indications, and also those of tradition, archæology, and affiliation of languages and races, point to Western Asia as the cradle of man. Even Hæckel in his "History of Creation," though it is convenient in connection with his theoretical views to assume the origin of man in a region somewhere in the Indian Ocean and now submerged, traces all his lines of affiliation back to the vicinity of the Persian Gulf, in the neighbourhood of the districts to which the Bible history restricts the site of Eden.

Again, there is reason to believe that, at the fall of man, climatic or other changes, expressed by the "cursing of the ground," occurred, and that in the Edenic system of things very large portions of the earth were to be or become suitable to the

happy residence of man. Geology makes us familiar with the fact that such changes have occurred, in the latter half of the Tertiary period, to such an extent that at one time the plants of warm temperate regions could flourish in Spitzbergen, and at another ice and snow covered the land far into temperate latitudes. Farther, it would seem that the oldest men known to us by archæological discoveries, probably equivalent to the Antediluvians, lived at a time of somewhat rough and rigorous climate, which probably succeeded a more favourable period in which man appeared.

Thus it would seem that we are not under any scientific necessity to give up the old and beautiful story of Eden, and that, on the contrary, this better accords with the probabilities as to the origin of man than do those hypotheses of his derivation which have been avowedly founded on scientific considerations.

TIME-WORLDS.

When we speak of the world or the universe, the ordinary hearer, perhaps, has before his mind merely the idea of bodies occurring in space, and the vast discoveries of modern times as to the distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies have contributed to fill the minds of men with conceptions of the immensity of space, perhaps to the exclusion of another direction of thought equally important. Worlds must exist in time as well as in space. This idea is very familiar to the mind of the geologist, who traces the long history of the earth through successive periods, and also knows that each succeeding day has seen it different from the previous ones. This consideration is also before the mind of the physical astronomer, who thinks of suns and planets as passing through different successive conditions, and as actually presenting different stages in the present.

This point is curiously illustrated by a controversy which raged some time ago as to whether the planets and other heavenly bodies may be inhabited worlds, and especially whether they may be inhabited by rational beings.

If we look at this question with reference to our own world, we shall find that its existence as a vaporous mass, as a heated molten globe, as the abode of merely inferior animals, has been of vast duration as compared with the time in which it has been inhabited by man. Farther, it is gradually approaching to a condition in which it will no longer be habitable, and unless some

renovating process shall be applied to it, this desolate condition may be of indefinite duration. Thus, if we imagine ourselves to be beings not limited by time, and that we could visit the earth by chance at any period of its history, the chances would be vastly against our seeing it at that precise period of its existence in which it is fitted for the residence of rational beings. On the other hand, if we were capable of taking in its whole duration, we would comprehend that it has its particular stage for being the abode of intelligence, and that it has a definite and intelligible history as a world in time, which may be more or less parallel to that of all other worlds.

This truth also appears if we consider other planetary bodies. The moon may have been inhabited at a time when our earth was luminous and incandescent, but it has passed into a state of senility and desolation. The planet Mars, which seems physically not unlike our earth, may be in a condition similar to that of our world in the older geological periods. Jupiter and Saturn are probably still intensely heated and encompassed with a vaporous "deep," and may, perhaps, aid in supporting life on their satellites, while untold ages must elapse before these magnificent orbs can arrive at a stage suitable for maintaining life like that on the earth. But after all these ages have passed, and when all the planets have grown old and lifeless, the sun itself, now a fiery mass, may have arrived at a condition suited for living and rational beings.

Thus the physical conditions of our planetary system teach that if we suppose all worlds capable of supporting life, all are not so at one time, and that, as ages pass, each may successively take up this *rôle*, of which in greater or less degree all may at some time or other be capable. So when we ascend to the starry orbs, these suns may have attendant worlds, some in one stage, some in another. There may also be stars and nebulæ still scarcely formed, and others which have passed far beyond the present state of our sun and its planets. Thus the universe is a vastly varied and progressive scene. At no one time can all worlds be seats of life, but of the countless suns and worlds that exist, thousands or millions may at any one time be in this state, while thousands of times as many may be gradually arriving at it or passing from it. Such are the thoughts which necessarily arise in our minds when we consider the existence of worlds in time.

Now these ideas are very old, and they impressed themselves on the mind of antiquity before men could measure the vastness of the universe in space; and it is necessary to have them before our minds if we would enter into the thoughts of the writers of the Old and New Testaments, when they treat of time and eternity. The several stages of the earth in its progress from chaos, the prophetic pictures of its changes in the future, alike embody the idea of time-worlds. It is in this aspect that the universe is compared to a vesture of God, which He can change as a garment, while He Himself remains ever the same. It is in contrast to the eternity of truth that the heavens and earth are said to be passing away, but the words of the Redeemer shall never pass away. It is with the same reference that we are told that "the things which are seen are temporal, the things which are unseen are eternal."

The use made of the Hebrew word *olam* and the Greek *aion* in the sense of age, or even of eternity, brings before us still more clearly the Biblical idea of time-worlds. In that sublime "prayer of Moses the man of God" which we have in the 90th Psalm, God, who is the "dwelling-place of man in generation to generation," who existed before the mountains were brought forth, with whom a thousand years are "as a watch in the night," is said to be from "olam to olam," from "everlasting to everlasting" as the Authorized Version has it, but more properly from age to age of those long cosmic ages in which He creates and furnishes successive worlds. So when God is said to "inhabit eternity," it is not abstract eternity but these successive olams, or time-worlds, which are His habitation. In the Old Testament, God, as revealed to us in His works, dwells in the grand succession of worlds in time, thus continuously and variously manifesting His power, a much more living and attractive view of divinity than the mere abstract affirmation of eternity.

The same thought is taken up and amplified in the New Testament. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who is most deeply imbued with the Old Testament lore, speaks of Christ as God's Son, "whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds," more literally "constituted the aions." He does not refer, as one might conceive from the English translation, to different worlds in space, but to the successive ages of this world, in which it was being gradually prepared and fitted up for man. So Paul, in his doxology

at the end of the third chapter of the Epistle of the Ephesians, ascribes to the Redeemer glory in "all generations of the time-worlds," and in the earlier part of the same chapter he speaks of "God's mystery, hid from the beginning of the ages or time-worlds, and now made known in Christ, by whom also He created all things." So, also, in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews we are told that by faith we understand that "the ages or time-worlds were constituted by the word of God." Another fine illustration of this idea is in Paul's familiar and business-like letter to Titus, where he says that he lives "in hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began, but hath in due time manifested His word." The expression "the world began" here represents the "ages of time," and the "eternal life" is the "life of the ages." Thus, what the apostle hopes for is life through the unlimited ages of God's working, and this life has been promised, before the beginning of the time-worlds of creation. So the whole past, present, and future of God's working has its relation to us, is included under this remarkable idea of ages or time-worlds, and is appropriated by faith and hope as the possession of God's people. God, who cannot lie, has pledged Himself to us from the beginning of those long geologic ages in which He founded the earth; He has promised us His favour in all the course of His subsequent work; He has sealed this promise in the mission of His Son, that same glorious being through whom He arranged all those vast ages of creation and providence, and in the strength of this promise we can look forward by faith to an endless life with Him in all the future ages of His boundless working.

CREATIVE DAYS AND THE SABBATH.

It has long appeared to me, and I have elsewhere endeavoured to illustrate this idea, that the long creative days of geology throw a most important light on the institution of the weekly Sabbath and its continuance as the Lord's day. If it is true that the seventh or Sabbath day of creation still continues, and was intended to be a day of rest for the Creator and His intelligent creature man, we find in this a substantial reason for the place of the Sabbath in the Decalogue, and through our Lord's declaration in reply to the Pharisees, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," and the argument in the fourth chapter of the Hebrews, can carry it forward into the Christian dispensation.

At first sight the place of the fourth commandment in the Decalogue, and the vast importance attached to this law by the Hebrew writers, strikes us as strange and anomalous. The Sabbath stands as the sole example of a ritual observance, in those "ten words," which otherwise mark the most general moral relations of man to God and to his fellow-men. Farther, the reason given seems trivial. If it is meant that God worked on six natural days and rested on the seventh, the question arises, what is He doing on subsequent days? Does He keep up this alternation of six days' work and one day's rest, and if not, how is this an example to us? If it is argued that the whole reason of God's six days' work and seventh day's rest was to give an example, this conveys the absurdity of doing what is infinitely great for an end comparatively insignificant, and which might have been attained by a command, without any reason assigned. But let us now suppose that when God rested on the seventh day He entered into an æon of vast duration, intended to be distinguished by the happy Sabbatism of man in an Edenic world, and in which every day would have been a Sabbath; or if there was a weekly Sabbath, it would have been but a memorial of a work leading to a perpetual Sabbath then enjoyed. Let us farther suppose that at the fall of man the Sabbath day was instituted, or obtained a new significance as a memorial of God's promise that through a Redeemer it would be restored. Then the Sabbath becomes the central point of all religion, the standing and perpetual memorial of an Eden lost and a paradise to be restored by the coming seed of the woman. . The commandment "Remember the Sabbath day" called upon the Israelite to remember the fall of man, to remember the promise of a Saviour, to look forward to a future Sabbatism in the reign of the Redeemer. It is thus the Gospel in the Decalogue, giving vitality to the whole, and is most appropriately placed, and with a more full explanation than any other command, between the laws that relate to God and the laws that relate to man. I have elsewhere attempted to show that in this light the Sabbath was regarded by Moses himself, by succeeding prophets, by our Lord, the apostles, and the Primitive Church, and that the loss of this great truth belongs to the many losses of the Church in passing through the dim ages before the Reformation. If the investigation of science into the long æons of the pre-adamite earth helps us to regain it now, let us not be ungrateful.

ASTRONOMY AS A STUDY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. H. J. NOTT.

Editor of "The Observer," Organ of the Bible Christian Church.

When compared with other magnificent worlds which adorn the vaulted skies, the earth is but a speck upon the broad map of our stellar heavens. And, physically considered, man is only the tiniest point in an infinite circle, when compared with the world which he inhabits. But man possesses a principle and power which cannot be computed by any rules of mathematics. Man has the power to investigate, analyze, elaborate, and utilize the beauties and resources of nature to such an extent as to demonstrate that there is a sense in which man's worth infinitely transcends that of the whole material universe.

Solomon says, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The point in this assertion is, that life is more valuable than bulk. There is no comparison between the living Angelo and the most ponderous and precious material monument which could be erected to his memory. Life is the gnomon of value. And the higher, the more complex, elaborate, and perfect the form of life, the higher will be the register of value on the dial-plate of animated beings. And, whether we hold the theory of evolution or convolution, we must all bow to this fact: Man occupies the zenith of the varied, mysterious and stupendous arc of terrestrial life; and there is a bottomless gulf between him and all other forms of mundane life; and neither Darwin nor any of his followers have been able to bridge the chasm that exists between the rational soul of man and the higher forms of mere animal life.

That which secures to man this superlative glory is the ability to *think*. It is the unanalyzed and unutterable soul-power that man has which invests him with his present dignity; and that also becomes a presumptive prophecy of his future being and glory. Thought is the right hand of the soul, which thrusts the scalpel into the very heart of nature, and which wrenches from her some of her most profound and profitable secrets. Thought is the mighty arm of spirit-force, which seizes the planets and stars in their flight and places them in the balances of science,

showing how nicely everything is adjusted to its proper position by an all-wise Creator. And who can give even an approximate view of the calibre and elasticity of this power? In all of us it is capable of constant expansion and elevation—here and forever. And I do not think there is any subject—except the revelations of the Bible—more sublime, or more calculated to ennoble the mind, than the contemplation of the stellar heavens. This enchanting book of nature is open to us and invites our inspection; the stars are the letters of its alphabet, and the constellations the paragraphs of Divine composition set up for our edification, for "the heavens declare the glory of God."

The study of astronomy has been the delight of cultured minds in all ages. The Book of Job is, by many able critics, granted an antiquity more hoary than any other part of the Bible, and yet the names given to some of the stars by Job are still retained in our astronomical vocabularies. The Chinese have many interesting early records concerning this science. They have an account of a conjunction of four planets and the moon, which astronomers say must have taken place a hundred years before the flood; and an eclipse of the sun which occurred only two hundred and twenty years after the deluge. One of their kings is charged with putting some of their great men to death, two thousand years before Christ, because they failed to calculate, accurately, an approaching eclipse. And it is not only in accord with the Scriptures, but fully in harmony with secular history and the developments of modern research amongst the ruins of Assyrian glory, to conclude that the ancient Chaldeans well understood the movements of the heavenly bodies. When Alexander the Great conquered Babylon, 331 B.C., he found there astronomical records reaching back to the confusion of tongues at Babel.

Among the Greeks, Thales was the first to establish a school for the study of astronomy, about seven hundred years before the Christian era. The celebrated Anaximander and Anaxagoras were his pupils. The renowned sages, Pythagoras and Aristotle, delighted to listen to and descant upon the "music of the spheres;" while the noble Hipparchus has been styled the "Newton of antiquity." The accumulated evidences of the ages are sufficient to satisfy reflective and candid minds, that the interest and culture of the ancient Egyptians in this science were

far beyond what is now generally accredited to them. The Egyptians and Assyrians calculated the return of eclipses and conjunctions of the planets with an accuracy which is very surprising to us, with our ideas of their limited mechanical appliances for observation. And, perhaps, we would be surprised a thousandfold, if all the records of their observations, reasonings, and conclusions had come down to us. No one can tell how much the world has lost by the destruction of the Alexandrian Library by the ignorant Turks, in the year A.D. 642. It is claimed that more than a quarter of a million of literary works were then destroyed. In addition to what was consumed in the first conflagration, the precious manuscripts and books supplied fuel for 4,000 baths for six months. There is no doubt that much valuable information on astronomy was consigned to oblivion by the murderous Turks in that massacre of earnest souls:—I say massacre of souls, because he who burns a good book may destroy the only tangible reminiscence of the earthly work of a noble spirit. But, notwithstanding this aggravated and enormous loss of ancient literary lore, enough is left us to show that the ancient Egyptians delighted in celestial meditations.

The study of astromomy, under Christian tuition, can be made a powerful antidote to modern scepticism. That mental perplexities cross the path of the amateur thinker—of all thinkers—is not to be wondered at. When we reflect on the character of the Creator—the diversity and magnitude of His works—we are led to ask: How could it be otherwise? How can puny man expect to comprehend the ways of an infinite God? Who can reasonably expect, by the deepest searchings, to find out the perfection of the Almighty? But the rejection of a God, as revealed in the Bible, does not remove mental perplexities. Modern scepticism will not lift the soul into the clear azure of intellectual satisfaction and certainty. I claim that, to accept the tenets of a full-fledged infidelity, a heavier draught is made upon man's credulity, and a greater violation perpetrated upon the highest intuitions and aspirations of his nature, than to accept the Bible, as D. L. Moody does, "as the Word of God from back to back."

No man can look into the celebrated Strasburg Clock, and not be impressed by the majesty of design there exhibited. While I

was ministering in Cleveland, Ohio, I was favoured with a sight and full explanation of what is termed, "The National Astronomical Clock"—a wonderful design, most elaborately and artistically executed. And, after viewing it, I was forced to this conclusion: That any man possessing even a small amount of discernment, after a careful examination of it, would be impressed by the fact, and would have to admit, that, behind the marvellous exhibition of design and workmanship, there must have been a remarkable genius, in whose conceptions the clock existed before its plan was executed in the shop or upon the easel. You could not make a person believe that it evolved itself, or that it came into being in any other way than through a calculating mind and a skilful hand. The design proves the existence of a designer. The designer is greater than the designed. The maker must precede and be greater than the thing he makes. The more sublime the design the greater must have been the genius that planned and executed it. Every effect must have an adequate cause. It requires a higher order of mind to evolve the plan of a St. Paul's Cathedral than it does to turn out the plan of a log cabin. It requires infinitely greater skill to construct a piece of extended and complicated machinery, than it does to build a waggon wheel. And the harmony that exists in the operations of all the parts of the complicated machinery, and the better each part answers the end for which it was made, the greater is our estimate of its value, and our respect for its author, or the one who made it. And so when the young look out upon the complex and harmonious operations of the heavens,—when they are taught to ponder the great laws of universal gravitation,—and when they see the vast resources and variety of the field open to their inspection, and discover that, like a golden thread, the law of perfect adaptation runs through the whole universe, in their inmost soul they will hear the stars singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine." The magnitude, the completeness, and harmony of the universe will proclaim the builder, God:—a God worthy the highest adoration. Every house must have a builder, but He who built all things *must* be God.

"Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through *all* thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God."

The study of astronomy will develop and strengthen the desire for other useful information. The veriest trash of literature is the most popular with the young people of to-day. A legion of different kinds of pernicious literature flood the market from all sides. It is stated, on good authority, that one publishing house in New York, recently shipped to one retail house, in one day, three and a half tons of this abominable trash. Through inherent keenness, sharpened by long practice and assiduous cultivation, these agents of the devil have sought out many inventions to reach and captivate our young people. And, perhaps, slumbering in the quiet corners of the trunks of boys and girls in many a Christian home, or hid in some sequestered nook, there are books which would steep the faces of the most self-possessed young persons in the deepest crimson to lay them open before their mothers. The abominable, deleterious, ruinous literature of the United States is poured into Canada by the ton, and there are but few homes not touched, either by more silent ripples or surging billows of this deadly maelstrom. Let us crowd out the bad by introducing the good. At home, in the pulpit, on the platform, and through the press, let young people be shown the inviting, profitable, and even enchanting means of pleasure and edification now within their reach.

There are two reasons why our young people are so enamored of fiction, and that which is worse:

1. Good books have been held at too great a price. That difficulty is being very rapidly removed.

2. In the choice of literature, young people have been left too much to themselves. Parents, pastors, and teachers, have done but little, comparatively, to let the youth know how very attractive, and even thrilling, are the studies open to them in the domain of reality, and to beget and develop in them an appreciation of such subjects. Young people, it is said, want subjects that are crisp, grand, and inspiring. Can there be a more sublime and exciting theme than astronomy? It has charms which are not to be found in the annals of history, or the discussions of theology; and only let the soul once glow with a white-heat interest in this subject, and the ebullitions of the sensational press will then be far too tame for its purified and enlarged retina to gaze upon.

Ministers, and all educators of the young, should take a greater

interest in guiding them into profitable as well as pleasing fields of enquiry. They expect, and are willing to be led by those they love. No one will have a greater influence over young persons in a church than a devoted pastor. Guarding and directing the literary taste of the young people around him is not the least important part of a minister's work. In the homes visited, in lectures delivered, and "at sundry times and in divers manners" the interested and watchful pastor may use his influence and counsel in this matter, in a way that will produce abundant and blessed fruit in after days.

The subject of which I have written in this paper, is only one of several which might be taken up in the course of a winter's reading. But I write of astronomy especially just now, because I have taken pleasure in recommending it to the young, and have so many testimonies of pleasure and profit derived from its contemplation.

THE LORD OF LIFE IS RISEN.

(Der Herr ist Auferstanden.)

THE Lord of life is risen,
Sing, Easter heralds, sing;
He burst His rocky prison,
Wide let the triumph ring.
Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking,
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives!

We hear in Thy blest greeting,
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating,
Life for the dead is won!
O head of all believing!
O joy of all the grieving!
Unite us, Lord, to Thee.

Here at Thy tomb, O Jesus!
How sweet the morning's breath!
We hear in all Thy breezes,
Where is thy sting, O Death!

Dark Hell flies in commotion,
While, far o'er earth and ocean,
Loud hallelujahs ring!

O publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth!
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth!
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers,
Shall hail the risen Light.

Hail! Hail our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed heathen, sing!
Trough Death's dark gloomy prison,
Let Easter chorals ring!
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,
Come forth from sin's dark region's,
In Jesus' kingdom live!

—*Dr. Lange.*

AT LAST;

OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER V.

"You need not apologise, Mr. Errol," answered Mildred, almost eagerly. "I am so glad you take the view you do."

"Do you agree with me?" he asked in surprise, yet with very evident pleasure.

"Of course she does," said James: "you have got her on your side, if that is any satisfaction to you. Fire away, old fellow; tell us what has wrought this marvellous change in Errol the Indolent! I thought you were a far too firm believer in the *dolce far niente* to trouble about such agitating things as religious theories."

"So I have been till lately; but the subject has been forced upon me."

"In what way?"

Errol hesitated. "It is a painful story; I scarcely know whether I ought to tell it. Still, if you care to hear——"

It was to Mildred he addressed himself. Even at that early stage of their acquaintance he recognized in her a difference from the generality of girls. What it was he had not yet found out, but it prompted him to speak before her as he would have done before no other.

"Two or three months ago, about the end of August, I think, I received a note asking me to call at a certain house in——well, it doesn't matter where. It was signed 'From an U. C. H. man.' The initials stand for our hospital, Miss Daryll—University College. The address given was in such a queer locality for a medical student, that I at first concluded it was a hoax, and resolved not to go. But as the evening wore on I began to feel rather curious, and ran over in my mind all the fellows who had left the hospital. To shorten the story, I went and found the place with some difficulty, and, on knocking at the door, was told to 'Come in' by a voice that had a strange familiar ring. I went in, and there, though it was a warm evening, saw a thin, emaciated

man, cowering over a small fire. It was with some considerable difficulty that I recognized him; not indeed until he held out his hand with an affectation of the old spirit of *bonhomie*, and said, 'May your shadow never grow less, Errol the Indolent.' I knew him then, poor fellow! At first we talked of the ordinary topics of the day, the weather, and so forth; but after a time the conversation turned upon himself, and by degrees I learned the particulars of his life since we had lost sight of him at the hospital. I cannot tell them to you—they are buried with the past. His ruin began with bad companionship. When he first came to the hospital he fell into bad hands, and never succeeded in freeing himself from them; I doubt if he tried. For the last few months he had been living in that out-of-the-way place; his health had failed, and I could see that he was in the last stage of consumption. I shall never forget the mournful pathos of his voice as he grasped my hand, saying, 'I have hungered and thirsted for a friendly face, Charlie!' I stayed with him as long as I could, and then left, promising to go again as soon as possible. Scarcely a day passed after that without my seeing him; when I could not stay, I just ran in to have a look at him, and say how d'ye do? He used to watch all day for my visits, for no one else went to see him. I wanted to write to his friends, but he absolutely commanded me not to. 'If they think that I am dead all the better for them and me, too,' he said. His own mother was dead, and I don't think his had been a very happy home.

"Weeks passed, and I knew that the end could not be far off; and yet I dared not mention the subject to him. I wondered if he had any idea of the truth; but he shunned every allusion to his illness, and I confess I had not sufficient courage to force it upon him. One evening we were sitting quietly before the fire, when suddenly he broke the silence with words that have haunted me ever since: 'Old fellow, I am going to take the famous leap in the dark; where do you think it will land me?' I could not answer, my brain was in a whirl Thought followed thought in rapid succession, and I was speechless. He waited for a few minutes, and then, turning his large, mournful eyes upon me, repeated, 'Where will it land me, Charlie?'"

Errol paused a moment and turned to Ericson. "What answer would you have given him, Ericson?" he asked; then, without

waiting for a reply, went on, "I stammered out a few commonplace remarks about the Saviour having died for us all, and so forth. He heard me in silence, and presently changed the subject. I went home that night with the words ringing in my head like the refrain of a well-known song, 'Where will it land me, Charlie? Where will it land me?' All the next day they pursued me. As I went round the wards they kept time to the physician's voice, and nothing I could do would drive them away. As I walked home they rose above the city din and noise, still asking the unanswerable question, 'Where will it land me?' I'll take a minister to him, I thought at last, in desperation, but in a minute dismissed the idea. When I got home I took down my Bible, hoping to find something that would be suitable to his case, but the book was sealed to me. What was the use of a Bible to one who was a stranger to it? I did not know where to look for any passage, and at last shut it up in despair. Eight o'clock struck, and still I sat there; nine, but I could not stir. Go and meet the pathetic questioning of that poor fellow's eyes, and hear again these haunting words, I dared not. Miss Daryll, do you wonder?"

Mildred raised her eyes full of tears, and the mute answer satisfied him.

"I did not go that night, nor the next; then I could stay away no longer. I found him weaker than ever, but still up and dressed, evidently determined to battle for life to the last. He did not reproach me for staying away so long, only thanked me, in a peculiarly sad, wistful tone, for coming then. It was very good of me, he said, to trouble to come at all. I would far rather he had reproached me. There was a change in him in that short time, and he knew it. Once he drew my attention to his hands. 'There won't be much left for the worms, will there?' he said, with a slight smile. I could not bear it any longer. 'Let me fetch a minister, Ned,' I said, like the blundering idiot that I was. I might have known—I did know—that he wouldn't see one. He shook his head. 'What for, old boy?' he asked, 'he could not tell me anything I do not know.' 'Ned,' I asked, scarcely knowing what I was saying, 'are you afraid to die?' It was a cruel question, and touched him to the quick. As for me, I could have bitten my tongue out if only that would have recalled the words, and yet I would have given all I possessed if

he had answered in the negative. He could not do that, poor fellow! I read his answer in his quivering lips, though he tried hard to hide it. 'What is the use of being afraid of the inevitable?' he replied, quietly. 'At any rate, I shall find out what sort of a God it is who governs this world. I have often wondered.' 'He is a God of mercy, Ned,' I said eagerly. 'Mercy! to pitch three-quarters of the world into hell?' The words struck me with awful force. How, indeed, could I reconcile that fact with the attribute of mercy?"

"How, indeed?" interrupted James, vehemently. "Is there any mercy in the power that thrusts all who refuse to bow beneath its yoke into hell?"

"God thrusts no man into hell," replied Errol, steadily. "I know it now, but I did not then. Man is free to choose; he rules his own destiny. If he deliberately renounces heaven, and prefers hell, is God to be made answerable for his misery?"

"Is not entrance into heaven contingent upon obedience to laws which compel a man to abase himself to the very dust, depriving him of self-respect, and forcing him to acknowledge himself the vilest of sinners, a veritable worm of the earth, grovelling and low?"

"Certainly not! Nowhere in the Bible does God demand servile obedience. It is the intelligent love and reverence of the heart and intellect that He requires. 'Come now, let us reason together,' He says in Isaiah. And is that the language used by a master to a despised slave? It is far more the language of a father striving to make the growing intelligence of his child plainly discern for itself the evil of a certain course of action. Are we not emphatically declared the sons of God? And is a father likely to abase his sons? True knowledge of God inspires self-respect, because it gives us a guiding principle upon which we can always rely. A man can scarcely maintain self-respect when he is haunted by the fear that any moment may betray him into a deed which may cause his cheek to flush with shame."

"But who is haunted by such a fear? Not I, I know!"

"Perhaps not; and yet better men than you have fallen from their place among honourable men. Have you guessed who Ned was?"

"No. Did we know him?"

"It was Edward Fraser."

James started. "Ned Fraser, Errol!"

"Yes, Ned Fraser; and, Daryll, he was once what you are now. I only say that by way of argument. I don't want to preach, old fellow, but I could not bear to hear you and Ericson use the same arguments, almost the very same words, that I have often heard from his lips. Poor Ned! he was of your school when in health, but not when sickness had brought to him clearness of thought and judgment. How strange it is that we look at these things so differently when we think the time for proving the truth of our theories has come!"

"How is Fraser now?"

"Gone. I went to see him on Thursday evening, but was too late."

"And how——"

It was Mildred who spoke, but she could not finish the question.

Errol understood and answered. "I do not know; I cannot say. When I saw him in the morning he was too weak to talk much; but one thing gives me hope that the fear was taken away at the last. The nurse told me that the last words she heard him murmur were, 'Not quite in the dark.' I thought, perhaps, his brain was running upon that leap in the dark, and he found there was some light."

"A sad end," said Ericson, thoughtfully. "Have you told his friends, Charlie?"

"I telegraphed to his father, but his answer was, 'Be kind enough to put the matter in an undertaker's hands, and tell him to send his bill to me.'"

"Poor Fraser!" exclaimed James, impulsively. "I wish I had known. I should liked to have seen him."

"It would have made you *think*, Daryll."

"Don't I think now?" returned James. "I tell you, Charlie, there seems to be no way out of thinking. Where is Fraser now?"

"I do not know."

"Is he with God?"

"I hope so: I tell you I do not know."

"If I were to take that leap now, Errol, where would it land me?" It was Ericson's voice, easy and almost indifferent.

Errol made no reply, and James answered for him. "Not in Charlie's heaven!"

The tone was sarcastic, and a flush rose to Errol's sensitive face. "Heaven would be no heaven to you, Ericson," he said quietly.

"Why not?"

"Because it is the presence of God which makes heaven; but only to those who love and honour Him. You do neither, so His presence would give you no pleasure."

"If He is what you say, should I not feel pleasure in being in His presence?"

"Not unless you had recognized His true character here. Death brings no sudden change of nature; it only gives us clearer light and knowledge."

"Charlie, do you really believe what you have been saying to us to-night?" asked James, deliberately.

"Yes."

A simple answer, yet carrying its own assurance of truth. The conversation turned upon other subjects, and shortly after, Winnie came in. On seeing her brother's friends, she looked half inclined to beat a retreat; but James called her back.

"Come and be introduced to the fraternity," he said, drawing her forward. "Gentlemen, this is the youngest inheritor of the illustrious name of Daryll."

Winnie laughed and blushed. "Is it illustrious?" she asked naively.

"If it is not so already, it stands a poor chance of ever being," replied Ericson, jokingly, taking the child's hands in his, and smiling on the pretty little upturned face. "So you have been to church, have you? What was the sermon about?"

"I haven't been to church; I have been with Mrs. Lane to chapel."

"And went to sleep all the time," said James.

"Indeed I did not; I listened to every word."

"A likely story! What was the text?"

"I shan't tell you; you are only laughing at me."

"There!" exclaimed James, turning to Dr. Ericson. "I appeal

to you if that is the proper way to answer an elder brother! Is it respectful?"

"I'm not going to be respectful to you—you are only a boy," answered Winnie, with a comical assumption of dignity.

"Only a boy!" echoed Ericson, amused. "Pray, do you call me a boy too, Miss Winnie?"

"No," she answered readily; "you are quite grown up."

Not even Mildred could help laughing; Ericson alone looked grave. "Am I so very much older than your brother, then?"

"It isn't that," said Winnie, scarcely knowing how to explain herself. "It's your eyes, and everything. You don't laugh and look as if you were making fun of people, like James."

The idea seemed to give James considerable amusement. "Do I look as if I made fun of people?" he laughed.

"When are you coming again?" she asked, unceremoniously, as the two young men rose to leave.

"Why? Do you want us to come soon?" replied Ericson, who had taken a strong fancy to the little girl.

"Yes," and Winnie looked shyly up into the dark handsome face bending over her.

"Truly eyes and lips agree," he said, smiling with evident pleasure. "It remains for us only to obey."

"I should like to run off with that little sister of yours, Daryll," were his parting words, as James stood on the front door-step to see them off.

"I would rather run off with the big one," said Errol, half laughing.

CHAPTER VI.

"James, you promised to take me somewhere!"

"What does the child mean?"

"The day you came to London you said you would take me somewhere, have you forgotten?" replied Winnie, with some disappointment.

"Oh, I remember. Well, I'll take you next Sunday."

"Where are you going to take her?" asked Mildred, as Winnie ran downstairs with letters for the post.

"Nowhere where she will get any harm," answered James, with an odd look in his eyes.

"I know you would not wish to do her harm," she said, wistfully, leaning over the back of his chair. "But you do not look at things as ——" she paused—"as our dear old mother did." The words came with an effort.

"I do not mean to interfere in any way with the child," answered James, quietly. "Our mother left her in your charge, and you shall teach her in your own way."

"James, dear, you are not vexed?"

"No; I suppose it is natural that you should fear to trust her with me."

"I cannot bear to hear you talk like that, James," said Mildred, kneeling by his side, and looking up into his face with pleading eyes. "She is our mother's legacy to both of us."

"Not to me. Do you think for one moment that mother would have left her to my sole guidance and care?"

"Not to your guidance, perhaps; how could she, James? Would you yourself like to see her growing up in your belief?"

"She will grow into it herself very likely."

"Well, do you wish it?"

"It is best for every one to know the truth."

"But are you sure that you have found the truth, James?"

Without answering he arose and walked carelessly across the room. "Truth, my dear child," he said, suddenly turning round, "is hidden so deep beneath a mountain of superstition and ignorance that I fear it will take a lifetime to dig it out."

He ran downstairs, and Winnie met him at the foot. "Are you going out, Jim?"

"Yes; to Ericson's. Don't you wish you were coming too?" He only said it to tease her, but she caught up the idea eagerly.

"Oh, do let me, James! It is quite early and I haven't been out to-day."

"Well, I don't know," said James doubtfully! "I don't see why you shouldn't. Run and ask Mildred."

She flew upstairs, and in a few minutes returned radiant. They had been in London more than a month, and the curious

friendship between Ericson and his friend's little sister was increasing daily. He had taught her to call him by his Christian name. He said she was the only one in the world who did so. There was something irresistibly attractive to his reserved nature in the child's sweet simplicity; not that there was anything peculiarly out of the common in Winifred's character. She was merely a lovable little girl, with a sweet disposition and winning little ways of her own. Doubtless there are many like her in the world—bonnie little lassies, very dear to their owners' hearts.

There is no accounting for tastes. Why the child liked this somewhat stern-looking Ericson better than sunny Errol, who was a general favourite, no one could tell. They both treated her very much as if she were their own little sister, but her preference for Ericson was apparent.

London streets on a clear December night are very fascinating to those who, with hearts free from sorrow or care, are on the look-out for amusement. Their ever-varying scene was fairy-land to Winnie, and she fairly danced along in her glee. "I do love London at night, when it is all lighted up! Isn't it fun?"

"Look here, young lady," said James, catching hold of her hand; "if you stop at every window, we shall manage to get home by morning, I dare say."

They found Ericson lying on the couch, looking very pale and weary. His left arm was in a sling, and he bore an unmistakable air of invalidism. Winnie was at his side in a moment.

"What is the matter, Philip! Are you ill?" she asked, with loving solicitude.

"Not really ill; I have met with a slight accident; that's all."

"What sort of an accident?" said James, assuming a professional air.

"Only a fractured clavicle; it's nothing."

"How *did* you do it?"

Ericson laughed. "I didn't do it. Shall I tell you all about it? Draw up that little chair, then, and sit close by me. Make yourself at home, Daryll."

There had been a hurricane on the previous night, tiles and chimney-pots flying about in a most erratic manner. One of

them had struck him on the shoulder, fracturing his collar-bone, and rendering him for some time insensible. Fortunately Errol was with him and got him safely home. He told the story, watching with considerable amusement Winnie's face, with its rapid change of expression, horror predominating.

When he had finished, to the surprise of both the young men, she burst into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, suppose you had been killed! What should I have done? what should I have done?"

More touched than he cared to show by the child's affection, Ericson answered lightly, "Well, suppose I had been killed, what then?"

"*Please* don't."

"Would you have cared very much, Winnie?"

"Philip!" The tone was very reproachful, and he drew her towards him with his right hand.

"Poor little lassie! I believe she would have mourned a wee bit over Philip's grave. Errol got part of the blow, and that saved me. What a sensational paragraph it would have made in the daily papers if that tile had finished its work! Dreadful to contemplate, isn't it, Winnie?"

"It wouldn't have mattered so much for Mr. ——" She stopped abruptly, with a sudden crimsoning of neck and face.

"Not mattered for Errol? Why not?" asked Ericson, curiously, somewhat surprised.

There was no answer.

"What do mean, Winnie?"

Still the little brown head remained buried in the cushion, and James spoke more impatiently.

"Why don't you speak when you are spoken to?" He had a suspicion of the truth, and immediately made up his mind to force the child to explain her meaning. It was not unkindness that prompted him; rather a curiosity to hear what she could possibly have to say.

"Because he knows—he doesn't care," came the faltering reply.

"What does he know?"

Driven to desperation by the persistent questioning, she answered in a low tone, "He would go to heaven."

The young men exchanged glances.

"And you think Ericson wouldn't? You are complimen-

tary, Winifred. Pray, how do you know he would not go to heaven too ? "

They listened with some curiosity for her answer.

" It was something James said," whispered Winnie, with downcast eyes and trembling lips.

" What did he say ? " All gentle as was the tone, there was yet in it a ring of authority she dared not withstand.

" It is a long time ago, now. He didn't know I heard. He said it was of no use praying, for God had fixed everything. At least he said *our* God had, and we were silly to pray."

" Well ? "

" And then he said something about you—that you were of the same school. I didn't know what that meant; so I asked him afterwards, and he said it meant the same way of thinking.

" Well ? "

" Looking up, she met his eyes fixed upon her, and the grave, almost stern, expression, touched her to the very heart.

" Please don't be angry, Philip ! You made me say it : you know you did ! I didn't mean to vex you."

" You have not answered my question."

" How could you go to heaven if you didn't care for God ? "

It was a very childish answer, spoken in great fear and trembling. Ericson's face relaxed.

" It is a shame to tease her. Never mind, Winnie ; don't you trouble your wise little head with such abstruse questions. Look up, and tell me what good angel sent you here tonight."

" Was it an angel ? " The idea took the child's fancy. Ericson laughed ; he had not intended the words to be taken literally.

Meanwhile Errol was on his way to Daryll's rooms. Ericson had asked him to let James know of his accident, and he had been unable to go before.

He found Mildred taking holiday in the flickering fire-light. She had been busy all day, and had fairly earned the luxury of doing nothing.

" You are alone," he said, sinking with a characteristic expression of weariness into an easy chair. " I have brought a message from Eric. Poor fellow ! he is done for for a few days."

"What is the matter? Is he ill?"

He told the story of the accident, making more of it than Ericson had done to Winnie.

"Fractures are such worrying things. It is a blessing he has no particular work to do. His time is pretty much at his own disposal now. He is expecting an appointment at the hospital in the spring, and is just hanging about, doing nothing. I think he visits a great deal, though. His list of sick beggars, and worse, is as long as my arm."

Mildred looked surprised. "Does he visit that class? I should not have thought it."

"I dare say not. Eric is just the sort of fellow to be misunderstood. People never give him credit for the thorough nobility of character which he really possesses." He spoke warmly in his absent friend's defence, feeling that Mildred was doing him an injustice. "Of course you can only judge by appearances and your own experience; but I think you are mistaken. I know no one who possesses such sterling worth as Ericson."

Mildred slightly coloured. "I did not mean to say anything depreciatory of Dr. Ericson. I know so little of him."

"And what you do know is exactly the thing of all others to prejudice you against him; I mean his peculiar religious views. Well, I do not wonder; it is natural you should dislike such companionship for your brother. And yet, Miss Daryll, he might be under far worse influence in that respect. Ericson is not wilfully treading a path he knows to be wrong. He is sincere in his belief, and to such a man you are forced to concede at least respect."

"Mr. Errol, I wish you would tell me: what is my brother and Dr. Ericson's belief? I cannot understand them."

"I hardly can tell you. I doubt if they clearly understand themselves. The fact is, Miss Daryll, they have fallen into a way of scrutinizing events, and judging them by a standard of their own. They want to know a why and wherefore for everything they see, and will not trust where they cannot trace. Sometimes they are ready to deny the very existence of God at all. At other times they speak of Him as an enemy to all mankind, as they did the first evening we were here. The doctrine of eternal punishment they go wild over; or, at least, James does. Eric is quietier, but feels the more deeply. I believe that if the gates of heaven were thrown open to them

to-morrow, and they might enter unconditionally, they would absolutely refuse if their present views of God's character remained unchanged. Do you believe God has a purpose in everything He does?"

"Why do you ask? Surely you do not doubt it!" said Mildred, starting at the abrupt question.

"Then you do not. What purpose do you suppose He has in drawing Winifred into Ericson's life?"

It was a new thought to Mildred, and she sat in silence, pondering it over. Looking up, she met the silent questioning of the grave, earnest eyes opposite, and answered, eagerly, "Do you think *He* is doing it, Mr. Errol? It never entered my head."

"Nor mine till the other night. James was running on against keeping Christmas Day. Don't you remember? He said it was an absurd relic of ancient superstition. Winnie was leaning over the arm of Ericson's chair, and exclaimed, in utmost simplicity, 'But, Jim, it is Christ's birthday!' 'And what if it is?' he said, scoffingly. He was going on, but Ericson stopped him with a warning look, and turned the conversation. It flashed across my mind then, that perhaps God was using the child for His own wise purpose. It would not be the first time He used simple means to accomplish a great work."

AN EASTER PSALM.

BECAUSE our Lord hath risen indeed,
We know that we shall rise again,
From earthly pain and sorrow freed,
Without a spot or sinful stain.

O Christ of sorrows! Christ of pain!
O Christ that died, our hope and trust!
As Thou hast risen, we'll rise again,
Although these temples turn to dust.

So Faith sings sweetest songs of love,
And Hope uplifts our stricken hearts,
Sweet peace descendeth from above,
And all our doubting fear departs.

And so I'll tune my golden lyre,
And strike the chords of love and peace,
Until He bids me come up higher,
And gives my spirit glad release.

DANIEL ROWLANDS.—*THE PREACHER OF WILD WALES.**

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

THE religious condition of England during the eighteenth century is well known to most readers. The sad state of society, politically, socially and morally, has been well described by various writers. But, however sad might have been the state of England, Wild Wales was in a far sadder plight during that same period. The clergy and people were steeped in ignorance and superstition. The Book of Sports was heeded and taught far more diligently than the teachings of either the Book of Common Prayer or the Holy Bible. Morally, the people were wonderfully corrupt; rich and poor, clergy and people, were alike notorious for gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness. The name of Christ was seldom heard from the pulpits; dissent had made but feeble inroads in the principality; the "National Church" was a great delusion; and the light of Christianity was blurred and dimmed.

When the marvellous religious revival of that period broke out—in America under Jonathan Edwards; in Germany among the Moravians; in Scotland through the preaching of Mr. Role, at Kilsyth, and other places; in England under the Wesleys and Whitefield—it commenced in Wales with the energetic labours of Howel Harris—"the first lay-preacher in the movement of the eighteenth century." He was soon joined by others, such as Griffith Jones, of Llandowar, Howel Davies, Rees Prichard, and Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho. It was soon discovered that the last named was to play no mean part in the great work; with Harris he has been designated "the twin founder of Welsh Methodism," and "he did for Wales whatever Whitefield did for England, and perhaps something more."

* We have much pleasure in submitting this interesting chapter, on the history of Welsh evangelization, by one who is himself a native of the sturdy little principality. The writer, who has been for some years a missionary in Newfoundland and Labrador, will favour our readers with some account of the work of God in that remote part of our mission field.—*Ed.*

Daniel Rowlands was born at Pant-y-Bendy, in the parish of Llancwnlle, Cardiganshire, South Wales, in the year 1713. He was the son of Rev. Daniel Rowlands, who held the two "livings" of Llangeitho and Llancwnlle. The father died, aged seventy-two, when Daniel was eighteen years old. John, an elder and only brother, succeeded the father as parson of the parishes. Daniel was not ready just at that time, or he might have shared in the "livings." But he was allowed to take orders one year before he attained the usual age, "in consideration of superior scholarship." In order to obtain ordination he tramped to and from London—no mean undertaking in those days; the fact illustrates both his poverty and perseverance. He became his brother's curate, and in a short time, his brother being promoted, became parson of the two parishes, at a salary of ten pounds per annum; and, it is said, he never had any higher preferment nor larger salary in the National Church. Like many of his class in those days, he had but poor ideas of the duties that belong to his calling. Being, however, strong in body, and well-built, his agility stood him in good stead among his clownish parishioners when they assembled for their sports in the church-yard on the Sabbath. He thus became popular, but his popularity led to greater sins, and it is recorded that intoxication was one of his failings. He had not been very long in the sacred office before he perceived that he lacked something to retain his popularity and congregation. In a neighbouring hamlet the Rev. Philip Pugh was attracting large crowds by his powerful discourses. Rowlands saw at a glance that his rival was denouncing the sinfulness of the people and arousing their consciences. He resolved to preach in the same style, taking for his texts such passages as "The wicked shall be turned into hell," "The great day of His wrath is come," "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment," etc. He thundered the law against the wickedness of the people with unusual energy; his efforts were more successful than he expected; crowds came to hear him—such preaching always does attract crowds of a certain class—and, it is said, over a hundred were under deep conviction of sin before the preacher could direct them in the way of peace. At this juncture Rev. Griffith Jones—"the morning star of the Methodist revival in Wales"—came into the neighbourhood. Rowlands went to hear the stranger preach, but his conduct was not what

it ought to have been. Jones perceived it, stopped short in his sermon, and commenced praying for the frivolous young man before him; and the prayer was in a great measure answered after that night. Rowlands, henceforth, preached more earnestly than ever, thundering the law wherever he went, until the people were terrified. At this period he became somewhat fanatical in his manner and speech. Nor was it until Pugh came across his path once again that he found that thundering the law was insufficient to lead men to live godly. "Preach the gospel to the people, tell them of the balm of Gilead for their spiritual maladies; show the necessity of faith in the crucified one," said Pugh. "I fear I have not that faith myself in its moving power," replied Rowlands. "Well, preach it until you get it; if you continue preaching in this style half the people will be killed; you are thundering the judgments of the law in such a terrible manner that no one can stand before you," continued the itinerant. The conversation opened Rowlands' eyes; it put him on the alert for something more. He got acquainted with others of the new movement, and we can say of Rowlands, what Mr. Froude says of Bunyan, at this juncture of his spiritual career: "He had passed through the Slough of Despond; he had gone astray after Mr. Legality, and the rocks had almost overwhelmed him. Evangelist now found him, and put him right again, and he was to be allowed a breathing place in the Interpreter's house."

From this time the whole aspect of our hero's life was changed. His life-work took a new start. He preached as he had never done before. Hundreds of souls thronged to hear him, and hundreds were converted to God. He became in every sense of the word a revivalist. A wonderful work commenced that inundated the land like a mighty deluge, sweeping all before it. It commenced in his own church one Sabbath morning, while he was reading those well known words: "By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost." The feeling became so strong, that the people broke out in strong cries and groans; they lost all self-control; the service was well nigh stopped by a blessed confusion. Strong men fell as if dead upon the floor, while many others gave the hearty response—"Good Lord deliver us." No wonder the story is oft repeated in the literature of Wales.

Never before had the people heard the gospel in such a fashion. Never before had they seen such gracious and marvellous works through the word. As might be expected, there was much opposition and persecution, but no obstacle could impede the progress of such a mighty movement. Rowlands extended the field of operations beyond the bounds of his own parish, often-times where he was not wanted, but never where he was not needed. He soon gained for himself the nickname of "The mad parson." Upon one occasion he was preaching in a neighbouring church; it was on the Sabbath morning. The village squire, with a friend or two, took their servants and dogs to have some fox-hunting, but Reynard was shy that morning. They returned, and on their way back it was suggested that they should go and hear the "mad parson." The preacher was in the midst of his discourse; the squire walked up and stood on a bench, right in front of the pulpit. Rowlands took no notice of him, nor was the congregation in the least disturbed: their attention was riveted upon the parson and his theme. The words of the preacher became more powerful, the sporting squire got down from his perch, sat still, and soon tears began to flow; ere long he was prostrate on the floor, a praying penitent, and left the church a changed man. He became a fast friend to Rowlands, and a firm supporter of the good cause for the rest of his days. Twenty-nine others were converted at that same service.

But we must hasten. The first Sabbath in every month was a red letter day in Llangeitho; it was the "Sacrament Sunday." People flocked from all parts of the principality; it was the age of bad roads, and especially so in the interior of Cardiganshire. Yet oftentimes there would be over three thousand communicants assembled, and many clergymen—besides hundreds of hearers who came to hear the greatest preacher of the age. Pages could be filled with reminiscences of these remarkable gatherings. Over a hundred ministers claim to have been converted at these services, near Llangeitho. Some two miles from the village there was a spring, that gushed from a cleft on a hilltop; here the pilgrims would gather on a Sabbath morn, many having travelled thirty, forty, or fifty miles during the night. They would rest themselves and breakfast; meanwhile those who had arrived the evening before would meet them; a short prayer-meeting would be held, and then the multitude would march to-

wards the parish church singing and praising God. Rowlands, who often spent the preceding night walking to and fro on the banks of a small river that ran not far from his dwelling, in earnest prayer and meditation, would hear them, and exclaim, "Here they come, bringing heaven itself on the wings of holy songs and praises." And surely these gatherings were "heaven begun below" to many a weary pilgrim, At night the hills would resound in every direction, with the songs of praise of those who had been feasting on the "fat things" of the "Father's kingdom."

Thus the seed of the Word was carried into every nook and corner of the hills of Wild Wales. Thus the work went on, until we cease to wonder that Wild Wales "is overrun with Dissenters and Methodists," as we once heard a learned prelate say.

In 1763, Rowlands was prohibited by his bishop from preaching. The good man was driven from the Church he loved, but he had more liberty than ever. Churches were organized, pastors were appointed, and Rowlands became the acknowledged leader, (Harris was locked out owing to doctrinal difficulties). Rowlands gathered around him a band of workers, such as the world has seldom seen—men who were, in every sense of the word, soul-savers. It would be interesting to mention some of the remarkable men among that galaxy of preachers. Their history is yet to be written.

Rowlands, like Saul among his brethren, stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries. He made Llangeitho a shrine to Welshmen, and his career commenced an era of Welsh preachers and preaching that has not ceased even to the present day. It is difficult to say in what respect Rowlands excelled most. He was a well read and educated man. His sermons bear evidence of much study. He seldom preached without careful preparation. He read every book that came within his reach—and was quite familiar with classic authors, both Greek and Latin. He was a man of much prayer. "He walked with God." Night after night was spent in wrestling with God for Wales—steeped as it then was in gross darkness. But his fame as a pulpit orator was wonderful. He threw such vitality into his words that they fell like coals of fire in the midst of the most careless multitude. His hearers shrank and recoiled while they were fascinated to listen. Sin, guilt, and eternity became awful

realities to every one who heard him. His voice thundered the judgments at one moment until the vast crowd would start to its feet; in a few seconds it would be as gentle as the dew, subduing every one in humble conviction. No man ever manipulated his hearers in such a manner. Whitefield went to hear him, and though he understood not the language, he wept for joy to see what an influence was wielded over careless sinners by such a master in Israel.

Rowlands often expressed a wish "to cease at once to work and live." The description given by Welsh writers of the farewell he took of his flock and household, when he felt the end was near, is most touching. It is needless to say, he made a triumphant end. His death was a heavy blow to Welsh Methodism. There were many mighty men among them, but Wild Wales never had but one Rowlands of Llangeitho, and his name and fame are as fresh to-day as ever in the land of his birth.

Heart's Content, Newfoundland.

RESURRECTION MORN.

'Tis Easter morn! No more the world
Lies hushed in silent gloom;
No more the sepulchre's dread walls
The living Lord entomb;
Rejoice!—the stone is rolled away;
The Lord is risen—'tis Easter day!

O, sorrowing soul! that long hast kept
The weary watch with sin,
Throw wide thy darkened doors to-day,
And let the sunshine in;
Be sad no more; lift up thine eye!
The Lord is risen, He reigns on high!

The Lord is risen! O earth, rejoice!
Thy myriad voices raise,
Till heaven's blue arches ring again
With songs of solemn praise;
And far resounds th' exultant cry—
"The Lord is risen, He reigns on high!"

THE RACE FOR LIFE; OR, A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

"ALEC, I am afraid we are lost."

"Yes, Missionary," replied Alec, "we are surely lost."

Thus spake your Missionary, and thus answered his only companion, a faithful young Indian lad, who had accompanied him on a long trip in the wilds of the North-West. At the time when the above brief conversation occurred, we were far out on the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg. The date was January, 1876. The thermometer, as we found out a few days after, when we reached a Hudson Bay fort, was forty-eight degrees below zero. A furious blizzard was raging, and the air was so full of blinding, drifting snow, that it was impossible to see many yards in any direction. The roar of the storm was like that beneath Niagara's overhanging cliffs.

The distant landmarks were hid from sight, and the Missionary and his comrade had become bewildered amidst the eddying storm, which seemed to come now from one quarter and then from another, and they knew not which way to go.

What were they doing out there in that fearful storm? you ask.

We had started on one of my long winter trips, to visit the few little bands of Indians who were struggling for an existence on the Eastern Coast of Lake Winnipeg, and who were always glad to welcome the Missionary, and to hear from him of the love of the Great Spirit and of His Son Jesus Christ.

Their country is very wild and rough, and is very different from the beautiful prairie regions of the North-West. There are no railroads or any other kind of roads, and the only way of travel is by canoe in summer, and dog-train in winter.

To keep down expenses, which in those northern missions are very heavy, I had started out on this long trip with only this young Indian lad as my companion. But as he was good and true, I thought we could succeed, as I had been several years in the country and had faced many a wintry storm and had slept many nights in the snow.

We had with us two splendid trains of dogs. My leader was a lively cunning Esquimo dog, as white as the snow. His name was Koona, which is the Indian word for snow, and he was well named. The other three dogs of my train were my favourites from Ontario. Two of them were gifts from Mr. Sanford of Hamilton; the other was kindly sent to me by Dr. Mark, of Ottawa.

The other train, driven by Alec, was composed of some sagacious St. Bernard's, obtained for me by the kindness of Mr. Ferrier, of Montreal. The largest and most enduring dog of the eight was Jack, from Hamilton, whose place was second in my train, and he is to be the hero of this adventure.

We had left our camp-fire in the woods early in the morning, and turning our faces towards the north had hoped that ere the shadows of night had fallen around us, at least sixty miles of the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg would have been travelled over.

For a time we were able to push on very rapidly, keeping the distant points or headlands well in view for our guidance. Lake Winnipeg is very much indented with bays, and in travelling we do not follow the coast line, but strike out directly across these bays from point to point. Some of them run back many miles into the land, and several of them, are from ten to thirty miles wide.

The dogs get so accustomed to these long trips and to their work, that they require no guide to run on ahead, but will, with wonderful intelligence, push on from point to point with great exactness.

On and on we had travelled for hours; the cold was very great, but we did not mind it much, as we could easily jump off from our dog-sleds and run until we felt all the glow and warmth which such vigorous exercise will give. After a while, we noticed that the strong wind which had arisen was filling the air with the fine dry snow, and making travelling very difficult and unpleasant. Soon it increased to a gale, and we found ourselves in a real North-West blizzard, on stormy Lake Winnipeg, many miles from shore.

Perhaps our wisest and most prudent plan would have been at the commencement of the storm to have turned sharply to the east, and got into the shelter of the forest as quickly as possible,

but the bay we were crossing was a very deep one, and the headland before us seemed as near as the other end of the bay, and so we thought it best to run the risk and push on.

That we might not get separated from each other, I fastened what we call the tail rope of my sled to the collar of the head dog of Alec's train.

One of the great dangers encountered in travelling in a blizzard arises from the fact that often in these storms the wind veers so rapidly that the unfortunate traveller caught in one, thinking the wind is constantly blowing from the same direction, and having lost sight of all landmarks, unconsciously changes his course with it, and thus often wanders away, very far indeed, from the point towards which he imagined he was tending.

I knew a party of experienced travellers who, imagining they were going in a straight line, almost made a complete circuit within the hours of one short wintry day.

After Alec and I had travelled on for several hours, and no sign of any land appearing, we began to think that the blizzard was playing one of his fickle games with us, and that we had wandered far out into the lake. We stopped our dogs, and there out in the storm, had a talk about our uncertain position, and what was best to do under the circumstances. The result of our deliberations was, that we could do no better than to trust in the good Providence above us, and in our dogs before us.

And, so now, we have got back to the short conversation with which our story commenced.

As it was now long after noon, and the vigorous exercise of the last few hours had made us very hungry, we opened our provision bags and taking out some frozen food made a pretty fair attempt to satisfy the keen demands of appetite. We missed very much the good cup of hot tea which we would have had if we had been fortunate enough to have reached the shore and found some wood with which to have made a fire.

After our hasty meal and a short consultation, in which the fact became very evident to us that our position was a very perilous one, as we had become so blinded and bewildered in the gale that we did not know east from west, or north from south, we decided to let the dogs take their own course and go in whatever direction they pleased.

I had a good deal of confidence in the dogs as I had, in the

experiences of the years past, seen displays of sagacity that seemed to rival and even eclipse man's boasted wisdom and knowledge.

To Jack, the noblest of them all, I looked to lead us out of our difficulty, and he did not disappoint our expectations. I suppose I acted with and talked to my dog in a way that some of the folks who hate dogs would think was very foolish. When travelling the dogs are generally only fed once a day, and that in the evening when the day's work is done, and then they each receive two good fresh white fish. However, it was different that day as in the blinding gale we were trying to eat our dinner. As Jack and the others crowded around us they were not neglected and were permitted to share with us the food we had, for there was great uncertainty whether another meal would ever be required by any one of us. As usual, Jack had crowded up as closely to me as possible, and while the dinner was being eaten I had a talk with him.

"Jack, my noble fellow," I said, "do you know we are lost, and that it is very doubtful whether we will ever see the Mission-house again? The prospect is that the snow will soon be our winding-sheet, and that loving eyes will look in vain for our return. The chances are against your ever having the opportunity of stretching yourself out on the rug before the study fire, and taking, as in the past, your well-earned rest after the toils of the labourious trip. Rouse yourself up, old dog, for in your intelligence we are going to trust to lead us to a place of safety."

The few arrangements necessary for the race were soon made; Alec wrapped himself up as comfortably as possible in his rabbit skin robe, and lashed himself securely to his dog-sled. I straightened out the trains, and then wrapping myself up as well as I could, shouted, "Marche!" (the word for "Go,") to the dogs.

Koona, my leader, looked back towards me and in a bewildered way seemed to be waiting for the word, "Chaw" or "Yee," that is right or left. As I did not know myself I shouted out, "Go on, Jack, which ever way you like, and do the best you can, for I don't know anything about it."

As Koona still hesitated, Jack, with all the confidence imaginable, dashed off in a certain direction and Koona with slackened traces ran beside him, giving him all the honour of leadership.

For hours the dogs kept bravely to their work. The storm raged and howled around us, but not for one moment did Jack hesitate or seem to be at fault. Koona had nothing to do but run beside him, but the other two splendid dogs in the traces behind Jack seemed to catch his spirit and nobly aided him by the most unflagging effort and courage.

The cold was so intense that I had very grave fears that we would freeze to death. We were now so wrapped up that it was impossible to run with any comfort, or to keep up with the dogs who were going on at such a rapid rate. Frequently would I shout back to my comrade, "Alec!" "Yes, sir," he would reply. "Don't go to sleep, Alec," I would answer, "if you do you may never wake up until the Judgment morning." "All right, sir, then I'll try and keep awake," he would shout back.

Thus on we travelled through that wintry storm. How cold, how relentless, how bitter were the continuous blasts of the north wind! After a while the shadows of night fell upon us and we were enshrouded in the darkness.

Not a pleasant position was that in which we were situated; but there was no help for it, nor any use of giving way to despondency or despair. While there is life there is hope, and so with an occasional shout of warning to Alec and a cheery call to the dogs, who required no special urging so gallantly were they doing their work, we patiently awaited the result.

About three hours after dark the dogs quickened their pace into a gallop and showed by their excitement that they had detected evidences of nearness to the shore and safety, of which we knew nothing. Soon after they dragged us on a large pile of broken ice and snow, the accumulations of ice cut out of the holes in the lake where the Indian families had for months obtained their supply of water for cooking and other purposes. Turning sharply on the trail towards the shore, our dogs dashed along for a couple of hundred yards more, then they dragged us up the steep bank into the forest, and in a few minutes more we found ourselves in the midst of a little collection of wigwams, and among a band of friendly Indians who gave us a cordial welcome, and rejoiced with us at our escape from the storm which was the severest of that year.

We had religious services with them, and then when the storm ceased went on our way. After making all the visits we had

arranged for we returned to our home without anything unusual happening to us, unless we except the fact that one morning when we arose from our snow camp-bed in the forest we were so cold and our fingers so numb that neither of us could hold a match with which to light our fire. We hurriedly put on our snowshoes and gloves, and rushed about for awhile at a lively rate and soon warmed ourselves up. The fire was quickly kindled and as we were enjoying our breakfast with glorious appetites we laughed at our strange adventure.

Months after, when the packet arrived from Manitoba, the sad news, that had so filled the Church with sorrow, of the death of the heroic George McDougall reached us. After we had read the story and talked and wept and wondered about that translation, so mysterious and inscrutable, the question was asked, "Where were you during that week?" The records were searched and we were not a little startled at finding that the *race for life* we have been describing was, in all probability, on the same day as that on which McDougall perished.

EASTER LILIES.

NOT as we bring our garlands to a tomb
To breathe heart-fragrance o'er a lost one's rest,
Bring we this wreath of sweetness and of bloom
To crown this day, of all our days the best.

But, as if love and gratitude and prayer,
Dying in grave-dark that enwrapped His face,
Had seen His smile break forth with wondrous grace
And sudden blossomed into beauty there.

As if along the way that felt His tread
Life burst from Death and flowers from the sod,
As new love springs to meet the heart of God
In joyful praise that Christ no more is dead.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Grace the Glory of Christ.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

Grace is grace to thee, to all,
To Abraham, Moses, John or Paul;
Grace from Christ the fount doth flow
Down to sinners here below.

'Tis the same on earth as heaven,
Here and there as freely given;
He who gives the graces here,
Crowns them with His glory there.

Wedded to abiding grace,
We are Christ's in every place;
Grace doth all our powers command,
And by grace alone we stand.

'Tis by grace alone we're saved,
In its sacred laver laved;
We our souls restore to God,
By His Son's atoning blood.

Lo! the ruler of all kings,
To our souls His fulness brings!
Grace hath opened Glory's store,
Ours to have for evermore!

From the river by the throne.
Come the life streams, all our own,
Christ our drink, our daily food,
Ours by faith in covenant blood.

Lead us on, O God of grace,
To Thy golden dwelling-place!
Lead us to eternal day,
Wiping all our tears away!

The Full Baptism.

God's ministers need this full baptism. What else can give purity and elevation to motive, and can plant a hallowed joy within that conquers adversity? Holiness of heart will give a momentum of sanctified love that nothing can resist. It will awaken a sympathy for perishing souls, by which labour for Christ will become a delightful joy. Holiness will awaken desires for sanctified study. The minister that is indolent is not fully consecrated to his work. He is not abreast with the times; he does not, cannot, fully meet his obligations, no matter how illiterate may be the people among whom he may be called to labour. He needs this endowment, the fulness of love. The Holy Spirit will inspire a relish for truth, will aid him in pulpit utterances, will give variety and edge to his discourses. How many instances may be cited where Christian ministers have renewed their strength, and come to be a power hitherto unrecognized, by this baptism of the Holy Spirit that leads to a full consecration of intellect and heart to God.

Separation from the World.

Salvation is full of grace. Yet these things are required: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity;" "Whosoever would be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself daily, and follow me." "Ye cannot," says our Lord, "serve God and mammon." Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is His people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, and sorrow has been lost in ravishment, that men took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang their death songs amid the roaring flames. Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ. Some while ago two æronauts, hanging in mid air, looked down to the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown. Ample fields were contracted into small patches, the lake was no larger than a looking-glass, the broad river, with ships floating on its bosom, seemed like a silver thread, the widespread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village, the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar, slowly creeping over the surface of the ground. And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who rises to hold communion with God, and, anticipating the joy of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy and even joyful to part with all for Christ—"this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—*Thomas Guthrie.*

Faith Without Repentance.

"I do not care for what I have done in the past," says a letter before us. "I trust in the blood, and Jesus has paid it all." But the conduct of the past had been criminal and abominable, and the fact that the writer was indifferent to it because he supposed that Christ had borne the penalty, and that he was free and safe from the consequences of his conduct, is the best evidence possible that he would do the same thing again if he supposed that he could do it with impunity. That man had been taught by some one who did not understand the nature of salvation. The vicarious sacrifice is stigmatized as the "commercial theory of the atonement," chiefly because it has thus been travestied by

those who profess to understand and teach it. No soul is pardoned until from grief over and hatred of its sin it turns from it with a full purpose and endeavour to lead a pure and righteous life. The redeemed soul will never cease to be ashamed in the memory of a mean act that it has committed, whether that act be toward God or toward man. Those hymns and homilies which represent the saved as glorying in the shame of their lives before supposed conversion are misleading and mischievous. It is setting vice up as virtue to extol depravity as a background necessary to magnify God's mercy. Repentance is not part of a bargain, or of a shrewd speculation, by which a wicked man imposes on the generosity and good nature of God. The test of its genuineness is nothing else than hatred of sin because of its moral repulsiveness, and love of righteousness for its own sake. The theologians who instruct gallows-saints how to preach when the rope is about their necks, and that pernicious clerical liberalist, and all liberalists like him, who apologized for the murderer of Mr. Cram, and promised the homicide-suicide a new probation under better conditions—such preachers need indoctrination in that hard-headed little summary, the Shorter Catechism. The contempt and ridicule which are heaped upon such performances by the rationalistic press are fully deserved, but we protest against accrediting such immoral sentimentality to evangelical religion.—*Interior.*

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

She could teach in the Sunday-school, but she will not attend it. She could collect money for the missionary work, of the Church, but she will not. She could visit and nurse the sick, but she will not. She could sing in the church or play the organ, but she will not. She could speak to her young associates about their salvation, but she will not. She could attend the prayer-meeting and help the singing, but she will not. She could contribute freely to the ordinary expenses of the Church, but she will not. She could read many valuable religious books, but she will not. She might be a member of the Ladies' Society to Aid the Poor, but she will not. She could be very useful in the service of her Saviour, but she will not. Yet she expects her Lord to say to her at the last day, "Come, thou *good* and *faithful* servant." But how can it be, and be truthful?—*Central Baptist.*

MODERN SCOTTISH POETRY.*

Why is it that beyond any literature in the world, except, perhaps, that of Germany, Scottish literature is rich in stirring verse, tender ballads and humorous or pathetic poems? Many of these have been current for generations, passing from lip to lip, till Percy, and Scott, and Motherwell gathered into the store-house of books much of this ministrelsy of the Scottish border. And in more recent times every parish has had its poet—almost every village its native bard, many of them of humble birth —"wabsters and souters," crofters and herdsmen, and lowly toilers at the plough or loom. In no country in the world, we venture to say, could four such stout and well-filled volumes as these, and of such average excellence, be gleaned, but in the fertile fields of Scottish poesy.

In an admirable essay the editor of these volumes answers our initial question. Some of its points we will briefly note. While the epic poetry of England, the product of her Miltons, and Drydens, her Tennysons and Brownings, is so rich, her peasant poetry is very scant and poor. The reason assigned for this is, that while the Scottish peasantry have for centuries been educated, the English peasant has been neglected, and too often left sunk in ignorance. John Knox, in planting a school in every parish, and a Bible in every school, did more for his country than he dreamed. The deep religious instincts of the nation, the fervour of the Covenanters, the piety of its peasant saints, blossomed forth in religious poetry. The patriotic feelings of the people, too, were fostered and inflamed by the long conflict with their conquerors, and by the very sternness and sublimity of mountain and crag, no less than by the loveliness of wimpling burn, and bonnie brae. In the land of Wallace, Bruce, and Burns,

No brook may pass along,
Or hillock rise, without its song.

A hasty run through some of Scotland's fairest and grandest scenes impressed this vividly upon our mind. Almost every stream and vale, every crag and ruin, had its poetic associations.

The tenderness of the Scottish muse is especially seen in its incomparable love-songs and poems of the home affections. The very words fall from the lips like a caress—soft as the Italian, as flexible, and full of meaning as the Greek.

The gude auld honest mither tongue !
They kent nae ither, auld or young ;
Weel could it a' oor wants express,
Weel could it ban, weel could it bless ;
Wi' a' oor feelin's 'twas acquent,
Had words for pleasour an' complent ;
Was sweet to hear in sacred psalm,
In simmer Sabbath mornin's calm ;
An' at the family exerceese,
When auld gudemen, on bended knees,
Wrastled as Jacob did langsyne
For favours temporal an' divine.

'Twas gentler at a hushaba
Than a wud-muffled waterfa',
Or cushats wi' their dounie croon
Heard through a gowden afternoon,
Or streams that rin wi' liquid lapse,
Or win's among the pine-tree taps.

'Twas sweet at a' times i' the mooth
O' woman moved wi' meltin' truth ;
But oh ! when first love was her care,
'Twas bonnie far beyond compare.

'Twas mair sonorous than the Latin;
Cam' heavier on the hide o' Satin,
When frae his Abel o' a poopit,
The minister grew hearse an' roopit,
An' banned wi' energetic jaw,
The author o' the primal fa'.
But if the poopit's sacred clangour,
Was something awsome in its anger,
Gude keep my southlan' freens fra' hearin'
A rouch red-headed Scotsman swearin' !

* *Modern Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices;* By D. H. Edwards. Published by the Author. Brechin, Scotland. 4 vols.

In the space at our command we can give only a few specimens of the choice anthology before us. Scotsmen, wherever they go, carry with them the warm Scottish heart, and sing even in a strange land the "auld Scots' sangs." Our author has found here in Canada some worthy singers. Among them are Alexander M'Lachlan, "the Burns of Canada," and the Rev. William Wye Smith, of Newmarket, an esteemed contributor to this MAGAZINE. The deep religious fervour of which the Scottish muse is capable is finely shown in a couple of short poems which we quote from the latter.

OUT OF CAPTIVITY.

It was like a dream of gladness
Breaking on a night of sadness,
When the Lord to Zion turning
Bade her weary wanderers come ;—
Then our mouth was filled with singing,
And with joy the valleys' ringing,
Made the very heathen wonder
At the bliss that brought us home.

For great things the Lord did for us,
And we joined the joyful chorus,
"Thou wilt turn us and refresh us,
Like the desert-streams in rain."
Tearful sowing has glad reaping—
Precious seed, borne forth in weeping,
Shall by God the Spirit's blessing
Bring the golden sheaves again.

PEDEN'S PRAYER.

The Covenant is down, and a dastard wears the crown,
And Scotland with a frown bears the fetters as she may ;
And the sun looks down between auld Nithsdale's hills of green,
Where Cameron's grave is seen by the pilgrim on his way.

His was the rapid course of the torrent from its source, —
The more we see its force, it the sooner meets the sea ;—
For his young crown was won, and soon his race was run,
And many a weary one with the martyr fain would be.

And years had come and gane, since the day the martyrs slain,
(No more at Sanquhar's stane, but before the King on high !)
Had the Covenant renewed, they had solemn sealed in blood,
And in victors' robes had stood in the assembly of the sky.

And there amang the heather—his thin hands clasped together,
And his weary glance up thither where the paths of victory lie—
And pleading for release, is Peden on his knees,
And "O to be wi' Ritchie," is the burden of his cry.

The mountain-mists and snows had been sent to blind his foes,
And when his cry uprose he was heard yet once again ;
And the prayer his faith had spoken received an answering token,
When the golden bowl was broken, and the saint forgot his pain.

The sacred memories of Scotland's Covenanting martyrs are also finely illustrated in some touching lines by Miss Aird, on "the Auld Kirk Yard," and in the following fine poem :—

THE MARTYRS GRAVES.

O ! martyr-sprinkled Scotland !
Thy covenanted dust,
Like gold amid our mountains,
Gleams through tradition's rust.

Thy auld grey stones are sprinkled with
"Blood, pour'd like water free,"
And speak in holy oracles,
O ! martyr-land, to thee.

These altar stones of sacrifice,
Incarnate love hath stored,
Where faith in love-drawn characters,
Her red libation poured.

Their prophet-mantles rolled in blood,
By tribulation riven,
From Scotland's ark, drove back the flood,
"That chased them up to heaven."

Where Peden bold, by flood and fold,
On mountain, moor, or glen,
All seer-like, bore salvation's cup
To fainting martyr-men ;

Their home was oft the mountain cave,
Their couch the waving fern,
Their pillow oft the grey moss stone,
In moorlands dark and stern.

The Covenanting songs of the Rev. James Murray breathe the spirit of religious exaltation, sometimes verging on fanaticism, of the

martyrs, as in the following, on "The Black Saturday, August 4th, 1621"—a day of preternatural darkness.

'Tis a day o' wrath and strife, my bairns,
A day o' storm and mirk;
For the King's black bands o' Prelacy
Are conspirin' against the Kirk.

And I dred it wad be a day o' dool
For the trespass o' the land;
'Tis vengeance that cleadeth the lift wi' mirk,
And bareth its red richt hand.

"For a godless, graceless, band are met,
This day in Edinbruch Toun;
And a' to set up the thing we hate,
And pu' the gude cause doun."

The yearning sorrow for the early dead, old as the cry of Egypt for the first-born, old as the wail of Eve over Abel, sobs in the following verses by Daniel N. Gallacher:—

OOR WEE WILLIE'S DEID.

Cheerless is the ha', noo,
Gane the play things a', noo,
Oor Bairnie, far awa', noo,
Rests his weary heid;
Fragrant though the floo'rs, noo,
Hopeless pass the hoors, noo,
Misfortune comes in shoo'rs noo—
Oor wee Willie's deid!

Sad is Mysie's sang, noo,
Every thing gangs wrang, noo,
Hearts warm sae lang, noo,
Are cauld, cauld as leid;
Nae mair his lauchin' 'een, noo
Lichtens up the scene, noo,
'Neath yon bed o' green, noo—
Oor wee Willie's deid!

"Lay ye past his ba', noo,
Cradle-neuk and a', noo,
Though sad tears should fa', noo—
The heart in silence bleed.
Lanely here we yearn, noo,
For a bonnie bairn, noo,
Cauld 'neath mossy cairn, noo—
Oor we Willie's deid!"

A blended feeling of regret and religious resignation strangely mingles in these touching lines by Mrs. Jessie Simpson Watson:—

DUNE WI' TIME.

Beside the burnie on the brae ye'll mak my lowly grave,
Where birds may sing abune my head an' willow branches wave;
Beside the bonny mossy seat, where we were wont to be,
The burn I lo'ed sae dearly ance will wimple by my side.

Oh! dark, dark is the dreary bed beside the mountain stream,
An' dull, dull is the weary sleep that kens nae lichtsome dream.
But glintin' through the mists o' time a glorious land I see—
A world mair bricht than yonder sun noo greets my wandering e'e.

This world noo wadna' win me back, though it may seem sae fair,
For joy, eternal joy is mine, when I shall enter there.
Oh! what for me is yon pale sun? what earthly care an' strife?
I'm dune, forever dune wi' time. Life, life, eternal life!

In the following moralizing, by George Paulin, we hear the world-old echo of Solomon's complaint, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity."

IT'S NO WORTH THE WARSLE FOR'T.

It's no worth the warsle [wrestle] for't,
A' ye'll get on earth,
Gin ye hae na walth aboon
Mair than warl's worth.

It's no worth a body's while,
Coortin' fame and glitter,
It only maks the aftercome
Unco black and bitter.

It's no worth the fisher's heuk,
Fishin' here for pleasure,
Gin ye canna' coont aboon,
Freend, an' hame, an' treasure.

We all know George MacDonald as a charming writer of prose stories, but it will be news to many that he is an accomplished poet in the Scottish vernacular. In the following he gives a new version of an old parable—a new sermon on an old text:—

WHA'S MY NIEBOR.

Frae Jerusalem a traveller tuik
The laigh road to Jerico;
It had an ill name, an' mony a cruik,
It was lang and unco how.

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell on the man,
An' knockit him on the heid;
Took a' whauron they could lay their han',
An' left him nakit for deid.

By cam a meenister o' the kirk:
"A sair, mishanter !" he cried ;
"Wha kens whaur the villians may lurk?
I s'haud to the ither side."

By cam an elder o' the kirk ;
Like a young horse he shied ;
"Fie ! there's a bonnie mornin's wark !"
An' he sprangt to the ither side.

But cam ane gaed to the wrang kirk ;
Douce he trotted alang ;
"Puir body !" he cried, an' wi' a yerk,
Aff o' his cuddy he sprang.

He ran to the boady, an' turned it ower:
"There's life i' the man," he cried ;
He was na ane to stan' an' glower,
Nor haud to the ither side.

He doctored his wounds, and heised him on
To the back o' the beastie douce ;
And held him on, till a weary man,
He langt at the half-w'y hoose.

He ten'd him a' nicht, an' at dawn o' day:
"Lan'lord, latna him lack ;
Here's auchteenpence ! an' ony mair ootlay,
I'll sattle as I come back."

Sae nae mair, niebors—say nae sic word,
Wi' hert aye arguin' an' chill :
"Wha is the niebor to me, O Lord ?"
But, "Wha am I niebor till ?"

In a similar vein is also the following :

THIS SIDE AN' THAT.

A Godly Ballad.

The rich man sat on his father's seat—
Purple an' linen, an' a' thing fine !
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street—
Sairs, an' tatters, an' weary pine !

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes ;
Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell ;
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs,
But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, saft-fitit, an' stoot,
Stand by the rich man's curtained doors ;
Maisterless dogs 'at rin aboot,
Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man de'ed, an' they buried him gran' ;
In linen fine his body they wrap ;
But the angels tuik up the beggar man,
An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—
Sic was the rich man's waesome fa' ;
But his brithers they eat an' they drink an' they chat,
An' carena a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will ;
An' some they kenna what they wad be at ;
But the beggar man thoucht he did no that ill,
Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.

Another poem of MacDonald's of richest humour, is that of "The Waesome Carl," the chronic grumbler, the burden of whose song was

Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a'thegither a' wrang ;
There's no a man about the toon
But's a'thegither a' wrang.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
And let alane to preach ;
He nowther had the gift o' grace,
Nor yet the gift o' speech.
The puir precentor cudna sing,
He gruntit like a swine ;
The verra elders cudna pass
The ladles till his min'.
Ye're a' wrang, etc.

But the poem is too long to quote in full. Advocate Outram's song of "The Annuity" is one of the wittiest poems we ever read, but is also too long to quote.

We take leave of these notable volumes with the weighty words of the great Scottish sage and seer, Thomas Carlyle.

TO-DAY.

Lo ! here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

INSTALLATION OF PROFESSOR COLEMAN AT VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.*

ADDRESS BY PRINCIPAL NELLES, ON THE CONSONANCE OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The installation of a new Professor in the Science Department of Victoria College, Cobourg, on January 19th, marks an important point in the progressive development of that institution. Since the building of Faraday Hall, about four years ago, valuable apparatus and equipments have been procured from Germany, and with those aids to the proper study of the physical sciences, Dr. Haanel, the head of the scientific department, has brought it to its present high state of efficiency. It has been evident, however, for some time past, that, to make it thoroughly efficient, additional professorial assistance was necessary. Last spring the grant of an annuity of $2,000 for the founding of a University chair, by Mr. Dennis Moore, of Hamilton, indirectly led to the present addition to the teaching staff of the department of Physical Sciences, by allowing part of the former revenues to be diverted to this new channel. An interesting fact in connection with Victoria College is, that in this institution the co-education of the sexes has resulted most satisfactorily. Ladies are admitted to all the privileges of the University on the same terms as gentlemen. For the founding of a Ryerson Memorial Chair in the College money is now being collected, and so liberally has the call been responded to that over $20,000 has been already suscribed. The institution of these additional chairs must greatly increase the usefulness of the College.

Arthur P. Coleman, Ph.D., whose installation as Professor of Natural History and Geology took place on Friday evening, is a Canadian by birth. He studied at Victoria College, and won the distinction of the gold medal in 1876, when he also took his degree of B.A. In 1880 he was granted the degree of M.A. by his University. Desirous of adding to his very superior attainments he attended lectures in Breslau University, Germany, of which institution Dr. Haanel is a graduate. Dr. Coleman commences his career as a Professor under the most favourable auspices. The warmth of the welcome he received at his induction from the members of the College Senate and the students evinced the high esteem and friendship with which he is regarded. That Dr. Haanel will find in him an able coadjutor does not admit of doubt, and that the Science Department will become much more efficient is a foregone conclusion.

The proceedings of the evening opened with the following address by the President of the College, Dr. Nelles :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We are here assembled this evening for the public and formal induction to office of a new Professor of Science in Victoria University, Dr. Arthur P. Coleman, who has been recently appointed by the College Board to the chair of Natural History and Geology.

In selecting men for such positions, the authorities of our University have never thought it right to be limited by narrow considerations of any kind, whether sectarian, national, or academic. Science and literature are cosmopolitan, and we feel it our duty to seek for the most competent and suitable men, in whatever university they have been trained, or to whatsoever nation they belong.

The gentleman who has so long, and with such efficiency, filled the chair of Classical Literature is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin one of the oldest and most famous o

* We condense from the *Globe* the account of this interesting event in the history of Victoria University.—ED.

the universities of Europe. When, not long since, an adjunct professor was required to assist, both in ancient and modern languages, the Board secured the services of a high honour man from the University of Toronto, and we have great reason to congratulate ourselves on the selection then made. Our Professor of Chemistry and Physics is a native of Germany, and a graduate of a celebrated German university. Under his guidance and inspiration a fresh impulse has been given to the study of Natural Science, not only in Victoria University, but to some extent throughout the Dominion, and a reputation has already been acquired, of which the friends of the University are justly proud. Our other professors, including the Dean of the Faculty of Theology, are honour graduates in Arts of our own University, but each one of these has enjoyed for a term of several years the advantages of residence and study in the universities of other lands. In the case of Dr. Coleman we are glad to obtain the services of one who, having carried away the highest honours of his Canadian Alma Mater, has since resided for a lengthened period in Germany, in the earnest pursuit of science, especially of those branches of science which he is now appointed to teach. His degree of Doctor of Philosophy, won by close study and severe examination, is an additional guarantee of his fitness for the chair which he is here to occupy. There is always some risk in the importation of a foreigner for the discharge of such duties, and it is a happy condition of things when academic authorities can get possession of a well-tried and distinguished graduate of their own, with the super-added accomplishments of a foreigner.

But the authorities of Victoria University are expected to look for other qualifications than those of a merely intellectual kind. Knowledge is not education, and a college professor, being an educator, is something more than a teacher of science or literature. It is part of his work, and a very important and critical part, to inculcate high principles of action, to mould the character, and to foster the love of moral and religious excellence. The best, if not indeed the only adequate foundation for such excellence, is to be found in a reverential regard for the Holy Scriptures, and a hearty acceptance of the Gospel of Christ. But the times in which we live give occasion for watchful and jealous care, lest, along with the acquisition of science, our students should receive a subtle but deep and permanent alienation from the Christian faith. There are many famous and popular teachers of science in our day who are out of sympathy with the religion of the Cross, and such men, however eminent in their special departments, are not the kind of men we would wish to have as educators in a Christian university. When authoritatively installed in a college lecture-room they are only the more dangerous in proportion as they are more learned, eloquent, and influential. And if it be replied that their business is to teach science and not religion, we cannot forget that a man of irreligious or sceptical spirit will soon be known as such, and the writings of men like Tyndall, Huxley, and others, remind us that many of these so-called specialists of the laboratory are far from keeping themselves, in the manner thus alleged, within the boundaries of their own work-shops, are in fact, rather fond of proclaiming, as in the celebrated "Belfast Address," the antagonism of their scientific speculations to the doctrines of the Gospel. All due respect to the great name of Charles Darwin. Let us not complain that he was invested during life with the highest honours of a renowned English University, nor that he was laid at death with "triumphant obsequies," in Westminster Abbey, by the side of the illustrious and sainted dead. Let these things stand as a pleasing proof of the liberality of the age and as a deserved tribute to Darwin's eminent gifts, his ardent devotion to science, his conspicuous candour, his spotless life, and his marked success in throwing new light on many of the apparent anomalies of nature.

But for instructors and guides of youth, let us rather seek for men who, while possessed of a true love of learning and competent ability to teach, still adhere to the faith of Christ, the religion of Newton, Kepler, and Faraday, and, on this continent, the religion of Agassiz, Dana, and Dawson. Such men, too, are less likely to teach for science what is yet only in the region of conjecture, and, after the manner of Milton's half-created lion, is still "pawing to get free its hinder parts" from the rude groundwork of hypothesis. We have heard much in late years of the reconciliation of science and religion. One form of reconciliation, and perhaps the best form, is presented in the life and character of men who, like Michael Faraday, unite, in their own persons, a profound knowledge of science, with an equally profound spirit of religious reverence and Christian faith. Such are the men whom we desire to have as professors in our University, and such a man, in spirit and promise, I believe we have in Dr. Coleman, whom now, on behalf of the Board, I have the pleasure of introducing to the Senate.

After the delivery of the address Dr. Coleman was introduced to the College Senate by President Nelles. Dr. Wilson, on behalf of the Senate, welcomed Dr. Coleman and gave him the right hand of fellowship. Then he was formally introduced to the President, after which Dr. Haanel welcomed him in a brief address to the department of which he is the head. Dr. Coleman feelingly replied, and was then introduced to the audience by the President, and delivered his inaugural address, on Norway, its Geology and People. As we expect to receive from Dr. Coleman papers on "A Canadian in Norway," with an account of his shipwreck on the North Cape, we omit his able and eloquent address, the substance of which we hope will be embodied in his forth-coming articles.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Union Vote.

The vote on the proposed Basis of Union has, even to the most sanguine friends of the movement, been a great surprise. Few, we think, were prepared for so near an approach to unaminity as has thus far been manifested. We need not say that we rejoice greatly at this result. If Union is to be productive of the highest possible benefit it should be carried with the greatest cordiality, nay, enthusiasm. If it were a half-hearted movement, to which a large proportion of either ministers or people were opposed, the outlook would not be very encouraging. The way might be opened to future complications which might imperil the peace and prosperity of the Church. But the practical unanimity of the vote, or the very near approach to it, removes out of the category of possibilities that danger.

It must be very gratifying to the members of the Union Committee to find that their arduous labours have been so warmly and so generally approved. We can with the better grace say this, as we had not the honour to belong to that body, which, we believe under Divine guidance and illumination, was enabled to find a basis upon which the diverse sections of Canadian Methodism may be built up into a united whole. Although their work has been subjected to severe criticism, it has yet received

such emphatic endorsation from the several Churches, as to show that in all probability it was the best basis which was possible under the circumstances. This is to the friends of Union no cause for party triumph, but rather for devout thanksgiving to God—"It is the Lord's doing and is marvellous in our eyes."

More than ever we think it is apparent that this movement, this yearning for union throbbing in the hearts of all the Churches—as Dr. Nelles expresses it—is of God. After due consideration, and we doubt not after many prayers, the verdict has been given, by an overwhelming majority, for the acceptance of the Basis and the organic union of the too long-severed branches of Canadian Methodism.

We rejoice at the overwhelming majority by which the Basis has been accepted as an emphatic repudiation of some of the ungenerous and unjust things which have been said of some of the sister Churches. A Church which, though numbering only 265 ministers, has for over a score of years maintained, against strong competition, an independent and vigorous University, and which maintains two high class Ladies' Colleges, ill-deserves the epithet "illiterate," which has been rashly applied to it. As for social status, the time has not yet come, and we hope never will come, when the honest yeomanry of Canada, among whom the membership of these sister Churches chiefly lies, can be stigmatized as inferior to their neighbours, or to any class in the community. But even it were so, which imputation we resent, we should be very sorry to think that Canadian Methodism could become so recreant to the heroic traditions of its past, as to cease to glory in its Divine commission, to preach the Gospel to all who will give ear—to the poorest of the poor—and to seek out, with a passionate charity, not only those who need it, but those who need it most.

We believe that we stand upon the threshold of an era of unexampled development and progress of Methodism in this land. The manner in which many Quarterly Boards have pledged themselves to bear their proportion of any expenses involved in the proposed Union, is an augury that all the money that is wanting for carrying on aggressive Christian work, especially in the great North-West, will be freely forthcoming. Above all, Canadian Methodism shall be saved from the waste and rivalry, in those vast and virgin fields, which had already begun to menace its future. There is a little village, more than two hundred miles west of Winnipeg, a village of only sixty or seventy inhabitants, yet in that village there are two different Methodist churches with regular service, besides preaching by the Presbyterians. "In fact," said our informant, "we have preaching about three times every Sunday." Yet these churches are all sustained largely by missionary money, and even the Sunday-school is largely helped from Ontario. In view of the sparse population for a long time to come of that vast region, and of the imploring wail of perishing millions of India, of China, and Japan, in whose evangelization we covet that Canadian Methodism should have some share, we rejoice that a wiser economy of our resources will enable us to do our own proper work at home, and to yield to a fuller degree than heretofore obedience to the Saviour's last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The duty of the hour is now to cultivate the most cordial relations with the sister Churches whose destinies are to be united with ours, to exchange pulpit courtesies, and hold, where practicable, union love-feasts, and prayer-meetings, and other social services. When we get down on our knees together before our Heavenly Father, we shall find as we draw nearer to one another that "subsists as in us all one soul," that kindred emotions, kindred love and zeal will melt all barriers down.

A traveler in the Alps beheld approaching him, through the mist, a frightful form, magnified to gigantic proportions. But as the figure drew near, and the mist cleared away, he

recognized his own long lost brother. So, enveloped in the mists of prejudice and misapprehension, we have too often mistaken a brother for a monster or a foe. Thank God that the light of His favour is dispersing the mists and revealing us to each other as brothers beloved.

That was a pleasing incident which took place a few days ago in a neighbouring town—a Primitive Methodist minister was invited to preach the Methodist Church of Canada anniversary services, and the Episcopal Methodist minister gave up his service that the two congregations might worship together. Is not this more acceptable in the sight of Heaven than the rivalries and jealousies of the past?

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Revivals have been enjoyed in several places as we learn from our excellent contemporaries, the *Christian Guardian*, and the *Wesleyan*.

It is very gratifying to record the interest that our missionaries take in the cause of temperance. A meeting was held some time ago at Birtle, Manitoba, to organize a Temperance Society, when the following remarkable resolution was adopted: "That the Rev. J. F. Betts act as spokesman, and that we go in a body to the residence of one of those charged with selling liquor and express to him the sentiments of this meeting." They accordingly marched to the house designated, and Mr. Betts talked the owner kindly into an admission that he had been guilty, and extracted from him the promise that he would not sell liquor any more.

An interesting letter was recently published in the *Wesleyan*, from the Rev. B. Chappell, British Columbia. He describes the eagerness of the Indians of Kit-a-mat to have a teacher, when Miss Lawrence, of Port Simpson, volunteered to go. On Mr. Crosby going to the place, at his request ten stalwart men went in a canoe and took the lady to Kit-a-mat, and pledged themselves that they would provide wood and all that she needed while among them. This lady is the only white person at the place. Her voyage was not pleasant, but she cheerfully endured all for the Master's sake. Mr. Chappell describes in very affecting terms the degraded condition of the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. He saw a Chinese funeral. The deceased was a Chinese doctor. The sacred articles, a roast pig, rice and confectionery, food for the departed, together with the idols, were placed on three tables in the streets. Six Chinamen, dressed in white, officiated under the direction of a Master of the Ceremonies, who, with cigar in mouth, exhibited a large measure of *suaviter in modo*. The hundred or more of Chinese, who stood around, jostled by quite a number of Caucasians, seemed to take but little interest in the prayers offered. To see any part of the city thus given to idolatry is enough to stir one's spirit in him.

The February number of the *Missionary Outlook* contains a charming letter from Japan describing a recent tour made by the Rev. Dr. Macdonald and the Rev. E. S. Eby, B.A.,

which lasted nearly a month. The brethren held missionary meetings, delivered lectures, held several preaching and other services, and dedicated a new church. They endured many inconveniences, such as are common in itinerating in Japan, but were well pleased with their trip. The native preachers were found faithfully doing their work, and the brethren regard their work in Japan as possessing many encouraging features.

The Lay Treasurer, John Macdonald, Esq., recently attended a Presbyterian Missionary Meeting in Toronto, and announced that if that Church would find a man for Japan, he would furnish the money for his outfit.

We are sorry to learn, from the Rev. W. W. Percival, St. Johns, Newfoundland, that the Rev. Dr. Milligan, Superintendent of Education in Newfoundland—an honoured member of our late General Conference—has been compelled by ill-health to go with Mrs. Milligan to the South of England for recuperation. We hope that he may return thoroughly restored. It is a pleasing token of the esteem in which he is held that a few of his friends in St. Johns presented him on his leaving with a purse of $400.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. R. Tweedie, of the Nova Scotia Conference, recently went to the majority in heaven. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1853, and laboured with great acceptability in the various circuits to which he was appointed. In 1874 he was Chairman of the District in which he resided. Failing health caused him to retire from the active work in 1878, but in 1882 he was again restored, but was soon compelled again to retire. His work was done and the Master called him home.

Our Methodist Episcopal brethren in Canada have recently lost one of their veteran ministers, the Rev. Benson Smith. He was a man af power, both physically and mentally. For nearly fifty years he was a faithful minister of the New Testament. For the last fifteen years Mr. Smith has lived in comparative retirement, but he will always be regarded as a Prince in Israel.

BOOK NOTICES.

Ragnarok: the Age of Fire and Gravel. By IGNATIUS DONNELLY. 8vo., pp. 452, illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.25.

This book formulates one of the most extraordinary theories of modern science. It discusses the origin of the vast drift formation which covers the greater part of the earth. This is a mighty mass of unstratified clay, sand and gravel, often hundreds of feet thick, which rests upon the stratified rocks beneath. It abounds in roughly-rounded and scratched, but apparently not water-worn boulders. The author discusses the various and often conflicting theories as to the origin of the drift, and presents arguments which render it difficult to conceive that it can have been formed by the action of waves, of icebergs, of glaciers, or even by a great continental ice-sheet, according to the generally received theory. It presents all the appearance that would result from a sudden and gigantic catastrophe, the downfall of vast masses of clay and rocks, grinding and grooving the surface of the stratified rock, and evolving a high degree of

heat, followed by a long period of chaotic wreck, heavy rainfall, and storms.

This catastrophe our author believes resulted from the contact of the earth with the tail of a comet. He investigates, under the guidance of the best astronomers, the constitution of comets. He adduces evidence in support of the theory that comets are made up of discrete masses of rock, gravel, dust, and a gaseous atmosphere; and that one of these sweeping the surface of the earth, scooped out the hollows of the great lakes of North America and Europe, and covered the surface of the earth with these masses of stones and gravel, and with a bed of clay consolidated from the cometary dust by combination with water. The theory seems fantastic and extravagant; but it is supported by much ingenious argument, and by a multitude of skilfully collated and correlated facts.

There seems to us one fatal objection to this theory, viz., the fact that the tail of a comet sweeping with immense velocity towards the sun streams away behind, but as the comet passes its perihelion the tail sweeps rapidly round and precedes the comet in its return to aphelion. Now while this result might be caused by the intense repulsion of the sun's great heat on a gaseous substance, it is difficult to conceive it as possible with a tail of solid, even though discrete substances.

The weakest part of the book, it seems to us, is the two hundred pages which treat the myths and legends of primitive tribes — the Ragnarok, or darkness of the gods; the Greek myths of the conflagration of Phaeton, the triumph of the sun; the Oriental, Aztec and Indian legends of vast cataclysms and the reorganization of the earth from chaos. For our author conceives that man existed on the earth, and in a high state of civilization, before this collision with the comet took place, that most of the inhabitants were destroyed, but that some escaped destruction in dens and caves of the earth. To this event he finds allusion in the Biblical account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, of the disasters which befell the family of Job; of the "fall of man," and his expulsion from Eden —which was but a Scripture version of the horrors of the "drift age." But to harmonize the book of Genesis with his theory he has to rearrange the order of its opening chapters with a boldness surpassing that of Dr. Kuenen, or Professor Robertson Smyth.

Methodism and Literature: Edited by F. A. ARCHIBALD, D.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 427. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.75.

It is a baseless, though oft repeated calumny, that Methodism is unfavourable in literary culture. On the contrary, from the very beginning, Methodism has endeavoured to "unite the pair so oft disjoined, learning and vital piety." Her hard-working ministers have not had the learned leisure and sinecure appointments that the clergy of old and richly endowed Churches have had; but no Church has ever done so much to popularize literature for the masses, to create a library of cheap, instructive, and edifying books, and to distribute them in the homes of the people. John Wesley was the very pioneer of cheap literature in England, and his sons in America have worthily carried on his work. The history of the New York and Cincinnati Methodist Book Concerns, and of their various branches in the United States, is a record of enterprise, and energy, and business success, of which any Church may well be proud. The books, tracts, and periodicals which issue in such a copious flood from the denominational press are among the most potent evangelizing agencies of the day. Of the scores of colleges, universities, and seminaries of higher learning of American Methodism we here say nothing, nor of the vigorous educational and publishing institutions of Methodism in this Dominion.

To all interested in the relation of Methodism to literature—and what

intelligent Methodist is not?—the above named volume will be of great value. It consists of a series of articles, by some of the foremost writers of the Church, on the literary enterprise and achievements of American Methodism. Dr. Hunt, of the New York Book Concern, records the remarkable history of that institution. Dr. Walden, of the Western Concern, discusses the circulation of Methodist literature, its Methods and Results; Dr. Edwards, answers the question, Why Methodism Prints; Dr. Freeman and Dr. Houghton treat Pernicious Literature and the evils of Novel-Reading. Other accomplished writers discuss the biographical, historical, theological, and doctrinal Higher Life, poetical, Sunday-school, Temperance, missionary, and tract literature of Methodism. Bishop Warren and the Editor treat wisely the important topics of the Church Lyceum and Church Library. Scarce a single aspect of the subjectt is not amply treated; and a copious catalogue of high-class works furnishes a judicious guide to the book-buyer.

The Problem of the Poor; a Record of Quiet Work in Unquiet Places. By HELEN CAMPBELL. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert. Pp. 244. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, $1.

We first read some of these sketches in an American Monthly, and were so impressed with their vigour and ability, that we sent for the work as soon as it was announced. It is one of the ablest on the subject that we ever read. Its character sketches rival in vividness and keen interest those of Dickens. The author gives an account, from personal study, of the wonderful work in one of the worst slums of New York, of the Mission House of Jerry McAuley—the converted pugilist and drunkard—once known as "the wickedest man in New York." The lower wards of that city are more densely crowded than even the densest parts of London; and the large influx of Italian, German, Irish, and Jewish population of the lowest grade creates a difficult problem for the Christian public to solve. These stories of the triumphs of the gospel over thieves, jail-birds, drunkards—the vilest of the vile—are full of encouragement to the Christian worker. They are, however, an appalling revelation of degradation and vice. They will move the reader alternately by their deep pathos to tears; or by their broad humour to smiles. We will endeavour to find space for a specimen sketch in these pages.

The Fate of Madame La Tour; a Tale of the Great Salt Lake. By Mrs. A. G. PADDOCK. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 361. Price $1.15.

This book has produced an extraordinary sensation in the United States. Leading religious journals have even said that it does for the great modern national evil of Mormanism, what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the great national evil of the last generation—slavery. It is a vivid presentation in dramatic form of the evils of one of the most iniquitous social systems under the sun. It should arouse a too long apathetic people to sweep it from the face of the earth. The truthfulness of the author is vouched for by the Governor, ex-Secretary, and Judge of the Supreme Court of Utah; and if that be not sufficient the author gives an appendix of 80 pages of incontrovertible corroborative facts. The Christian Churches have a great work to do in rooting out this social cancer from the body politic. It is spreading its deadly roots, and Mormon missionaries by the score are winning fresh converts to their pernicious system amid the green lanes and rural villages of England.

California Sketches. First and second series. By the Rev. O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D. Pp. 208, 288. Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents per vol. singly; both vols. $1.25.

Dr. Fitzgerald is the accomplish-

ed editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, the leading organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was one of the pioneer Methodist preachers in the state of California. Nowhere can the founding of empire, the creation of cosmos from chaos, be so clearly traced as in that state; and in the record of those eventful early years. Dr. Fitzgerald has photographed some half a hundred of the more striking and dramatic aspects of a state of society now largely passed away. His sketches of life among the miners, the ranchers, the Chinese, the Indians, the gamblers, and desperadoes, are as graphic as those of Bret Harte or Mark Twain. The first series was so successful that it ran speedily through four editions, and a second series has been called for. One of the sketches recounts the tragic death by the hands of the Modoc Indians of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, book agent in San Francisco of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Canadian readers cannot better form an acquaintance with Southern Methodist literature than through these fascinating volumes.

Standard Library—Life of Cromwell. By PAXTON HOOD. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 288, paper, price, 25 cents.

This is the latest and one of the best lives of England's uncrowned king that we know. The writer is a hearty admirer of the Great Protector, whose true place in history Carlyle first assigned. The book gives a vivid portraiture of the times of the Protectorate, is written in dramatic style, and has three stirring ballads on the hero of the work. It is a stout 12mo.,—a much more convenient size than the thin quartos—and is wonderfully cheap, less than one-tenth the price of the English edition. The publishers offer $10 in books for the best plan of organization of a reading circle, and $130 in books for the best critical essays on their issues of 1883.

Standard Library. — Science in Short Chapters. By W. MATTHEW WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S., F.C.S. Pp. 308. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth 75 cents. Paper 25 cents.

The new Standard Library Series by this enterprising house starts well. This is an even better book than Paxton Hood's Cromwell. No reading is more fascinating and instructive than the revelations and discoveries of modern science, popularized for the million. We have read with the intensest interest Mr. Williams' theory of the sun, new to us, viz., that an attenuated atmosphere pervades all space, whose pressure on the sun's surface amounting to 15,000 times that of the air on the earth, and its interception by the sun's motion, are the source of the solar heat, the corona, sun-spots, the zodiacal light, magnetic storms, comets, meteors, etc. But such a medium, however attenuated, it seems to us, would cause a continuous retardation of motion of all the heavenly bodies.

Among the other subjects treated in a singularly lucid manner, are lunar volcanoes, sun-spots, meteors, world-smashing, science and spiritualism, the ice-age, and origin of "till"—much more satisfactory than Mr. Donnelly's theory in "Ragnarok"—and other lighter and more gossipy topics. Such a body of good reading for twenty-five cents is a marvel of cheapness.

Gems of Illustration from the Sermons and other Writings of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. By the Rev. JOHN LIGGINS. 8vo., pp. 196. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The London *Times*, in 1860, described Dr. Guthrie as "the most eloquent orator in Europe." The charm of his oratory is the number and beauty of the illustrations—illustrations derived from every kingdom of nature, and from almost every field of literature. Mr. Liggins, who was for many years a missionary in China and Japan, has been a close student of the voluminous writings of Dr. Guthrie, and has here classified, under appropriate

heads, over five hundred of the more striking and beautiful illustrations of the great preacher. The editor quotes the remark, that while arguments are the pillars and buttresses which support a building, illustrations are the windows that let in the light. Or to use the striking figures of Guthrie, "The story, like a float, keeps the truth from sinking ; like a nail, fastens it in the mind ; like the feathers of an arrow, makes it strike; and like the barb, makes it stick." For private reading, or for literary use, the volume will be found of unique interest.

Heroic Methodists of the Olden Time. By DANIEL WISE, D.D. p.p. 304. Illustrated. New York: Philips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Wise adds another to the many obligations under which he has laid the younger readers of modern Methodism. These are not elaborately finished character studies, but anecdotal sketches of "some of the noble men and women, whose beautiful lives adorned, and whose faithful labours built, the walls of early Methodism." Among the "heroic Methodists" sketched, are "the noble brothers," John and Charles Wesley, "the sweet singer of Methodism," "the mother of the Wesleys," "the orator of early Methodism," "the Lady Selina," "the vicar of Madeley, and his noble wife," "the dunce who became a scholar," "the Prince of Missionaries," "the Squire of Dunmore,"—Ouseley, "the Mousehole farmer's boy,"—Carvosso, "the learned shoemaker,"—Samuel Drew, "the eccentric Billy Dawson," and others. It is the sort of book boys and girls will like, and that they ought to have. It should be in our Sunday-school libraries. If our young people were more familiar with the heroic traditions of their own Church, they would make better Methodists.

The Life of Captain John Smith, First Planter of Virginia. By CHARLES K. TRUE, D.D., pp. 267. Illustrated. New York : Phillips & Hunt. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

This is one of the most romantic stories of an age abounding in romance. A bold English adventurer. Smith served four years in the wars in the Netherlands, fought against the Turks in Hungary, was made prisoner and sent a slave to Constantinople, wins the affection of his young mistress, and by her connivance escapes. He returns to England, goes to Virginia and saves the infant colony from destruction, is captured by the Indians and saved by Pocahontas—tale dear to our boyhood—and after a life of many adventures dies peaceably in England. Boys will read this stirring story with avidity, and will learn much solid history in the reading. Dr. True has recounted it with much grace and felicity.

Church Membership, or the Conditions of New Testament and Methodist Church Membership Examined and Compared. By the REV. S. BOND. Pp. 72. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Montreal : C. W. Coates.

In this little book Brother Bond treats a very important subject ; and he treats it with great clearness and force. He shows the New Testament conditions of church fellowship and the practice of the primitive ages, and points out the agreement thereto of the conditions of membership of the Methodist Church. The book is a strong vindication of the class-meeting, and exposition of its manifold advantages. Its circulation cannot fail, in a time of too lax an observance of this institution, to do great good.

Mistress Margery—a Tale of the Lollards. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. London : John F. Shaw & Co.

This is another of those books that keep the promise to the ear though breaking it to the hope. A fine opportunity to write a capital book is lost. The theme is one of the finest in English history, but the execution is very defective.

The Revival, and After the Revival. By the REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 50 cts.

About a year ago Dr. Vincent wrote a letter in the leading organ of his Church, criticising some of the revival extravagances of the Rev. Mr. Harrison, the "Boy-Preacher." This letter brought down upon him the wrath of numerous hasty critics, as if he were opposed to revivals. He here places on record his deep conviction of the importance of true revival work, and offers wise and practical suggestions as to the best measures to promote it, and to conserve its best results. Like everything which Dr. Vincent writes, this book is marked by grace of style, vigour of expression, and soundness of judgment.

The Early Days of Christianity. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F. R. S., Canon of Westminster; author of "The life of Christ," "The Life and work of St. Paul," etc. 8vo., 664 pages. Price, 40 cents, paper; 75 cents, cloth. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; and Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This great work, which is issued in one volume, with all the Notes, Appendix, Index, etc., the same as the Five-Dollar Edition, throws a flood of light on The Acts of the Apostles, and should be in the hands of all preachers who lecture or preach on the Sunday-school Lessons, and of all Sunday-school Superintendents and Teachers, and of Advanced Bible Class Scholars. The marvellously low price puts it within the reach of all.

Our full review of this book in a recent number of this MAGAZINE renders further reference superfluous.

Evangelical Sermons for Parochial Missions. By the REV. JOSEPH CROSS, D.D., LL.D. pp. 303, New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, $1.50.

It is a fine illustration of the essential unity of Christianity, that, notwithstanding minor differences on the vital doctrines of the faith, there is substantial agreement among the different Churches. Dr. Cross is a staunch Churchman, and these sermons were special "mission sermons." Yet no devout Christian of any denomination can read them without edification. He speaks some plain truths, which it behooves the members of all the churches to ponder.

Stanley. A Christmas Ballad. By JACHIN & BOAZ. Toronto News Company.

We regret that we did not receive in time for a Christmas notice this dainty, red-lined, gilt-edged, toned paper booklet, neatly printed and illustrated, and tied, in the popular Christmas style, with red ribbon. The poem is worthy of its elegant setting. It is very touching, as we can testify from the experiment of reading it in the family. Though published pseudonymously, we may be allowed to hint that it is the work of an honoured minister of the Methodist Church of Canada not unknown to fame as the writer of elegant verses. The American vernacular is well managed, in a manner suggestive of Lowell's Biglow Papers.

The Gospel in All Lands Missionary Almanac for 1883. Eugene R. Smith, New York. Price 25 cents.

This is the best cheap compendium of Missionary information that we know. It gives the population, religion, missions, etc., of the countries in North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, and general Mission Statistics of the World, with 13 missionary maps and other illustrations. List of Books on Missions, and on Mission Countries, Peoples, and religion, and of the Missionary Periodicals of the World.

These lists alone fill 32 columns—so copious has missionary literature become.

We commend this Almanac and *The Gospel in All Lands*, a handsome illustrated missionary weekly — the only one of the sort in the world—to ministers, and Women's, and Juvenile Missionary Societies.

Selections from Scripture for Public Worship, topically arranged. By By the Rev. CHARLES H. RICHARDS. New York: Taintor Bros., Merrill & Co.

Very many Churches now make use of the responsive reading of Scripture in public worship. Visitors to Chautauqua have felt the sublime effect thus produced in that great congregation of 6,000 persons. The compiler of this book has collated from the Old and New Testaments, and topically arranged, over sixty reading passages, illustrating as many subjects appropriate for public readings. It will also be of use as a Pastor's Hand-Book of passages on these special subjects.

We are glad to see that the Methodist writers of Canada are not only able to furnish more than enough literary material for a Magazine of their own, but that they can also contribute largely to American and British periodicals. Among the most diligent in this respect is our esteemed contributor the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., whose articles in the *Methodist Quarterly*, New York, and *English Wesleyan Magazine* we have recently noticed. In the January number of the *Quarterly Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South —which is by the way an admirably conducted Review, 192 pp., 8vo., $3 a year; Rev. Dr. Henlon, Macon, Ga., editor—he has an admirable article on the late Dr. Ryerson. The leading article in the same review is a philosophical paper by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary of our Church, on "the Decline of Calvinism." This form of Christian truth which has moulded such heroic souls as Knox, Calvin, the Covenanters, the Camisards, the Ironsides, he shows is being greatly modified by modern thought. On this subject a late number of the *Independent* vindicates the heroism of Arminian theology.

"Savonarola's soul went out in 'fire,'" says a eulogist of Calvinism, "but his name rings down the widening circles of the heaving æons —a watchword. And their names shall ring on as watchwords who, like Savonarola, are not afraid to stand for and utter the truth. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit!* There is no tramp, tramp, tramp adown the shuddering and seismic ages like the grand old sturdy, steady Calvinistic tramp, the tramp of the true apostolic succession, the tramp of the men whom the truth has made free; of the men who have written our catechisms, and founded our Christendom, and taught us our civilization; of the men who, erect, heroic, colossal, left their ashes on fair fields of martyrdom and stood in chains and flames to make Geneva, England, Holland, Scotland, and the German Empire what they were and are."

"The Calvinists," replies the *Independent*, "have done some magnificent tramping in their day, but the present seismic æon shudders through its reverberant corridors responsively to an Arminian tramp as sturdy, heroic, and colossal, and in as true an apostolic succession as that which carried the catechisms of Geneva and Holland."

John W. Lovell Co. have arranged with the Rev. R. Heber Newton, to publish in their popular "Lovell's Library," the sermons now in the course of delivery, on "The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." The whole series of sermons, seven in all, will be issued in one volume, printed from large type in neat 12mo form, paper covers, for 20 cents.

We regret that in the Rev. LeRoy Hooker's excellent essay on Lowell, in our January number, were some slight typographical errors. On page 27, line 13, for "to" read "on." Page 28, line 15, insert "not" at beginning of line. Page 30, line 23, *dele* "his." Page 35, line 11, for "has" read "have." Such mistakes are alike annoying to author and editor, but they will sometimes happen, despite the most careful supervision. We have seen famous editions of the Scriptures, in both English and German, in which the word "not" is omitted from one of the prohibitive Commandments.

GRANITE ROCKS OF WEZE ISLAND. THE "LADY ALICE" AND NATIVE BOATS.